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Putting roses on a covergirl could have been a thorny problem, but it didn't faze our stylists or the photographer, F Stop Studio.

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Feedback

HEAVY METAL:

Thanks for Lonn M. Friend's article *Rock's Outer Limits: The Loud and 'Lude World of Heavy Metal* (April '85). Yes, indeed, if it doesn't make you feel like fuckin', it's no good!

I'm a born-again head-banger a long way from my teen years, which were in the '50s. Fats Domino and Elvis were never like this! Friend didn't mention the group that first got me hooked, and I'd like to put in a good word for them. They're not American, but they've been around awhile and still have the raunchiest, hardest sound anywhere. They're AC/DC!!!

Iron Maiden's another exciting group. I haven't found many others my age who dig this good shit, but it doesn't keep me from turning up the sound real loud. And I've been to some great concerts. Not too many head-bangers there with gray hair. These concerts are wild and 100% rebellious! Fantastic! In closing, your rag's the best . . . and keep on head-bangin'!!!

—Jim Buchanan

Address Withheld by Request

I'd like to say that *Rock's Outer Limits: The Loud and 'Lude World of Heavy Metal* was super. Even though I'm not a metal fan (I'm more of a '60s acid-rock type), the author deserves a Rainbow Bar applause for a very entertaining article.

However, I do have one bitch—the absence of Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders. Except for her latest album, she is the queen of rebellion and self-expression, which are the main ingredients of rock 'n' roll. Don't forget that without Miss Hynde, there would be no Wendy O. Williams (the poorest representative of the female population I've ever seen), Lita Ford (totally burnt) and Joan Jett (on a scale of 1 to 10 she's a fucking — 5).

—Robert P. Brelsford Jr.
Trenton, New Jersey

MANILA SEXCESS:

I am appalled, disturbed and angered by your outrageous article *Manila: Sodom of the Pacific* (January '85). Only a truly sick and dirty mind can derive pleasure from reading such a piece of literary garbage.

There have been instances in the past when the Filipino people and nation have been subjected to erratic and convoluted reporting by five-day "instant experts" on Philippine doings, but your reporter John Dodge really takes the cake. He has strung together a chain of half-truths and false reports and embellished them with his devilish experiences to make Manila appear like the city of wickedness and notoriety of biblical days. His claim that Manila is sexually wide-open for men and women and that there is no cheaper place in all of Asia for a wild, no-holds-barred sex extravaganza betrays his naiveté and



Chrystal: Pleasure Cruise

ignorance. One does not have to go halfway around the world to realize that the sex shenanigans Mr. Dodge mentioned happen in practically all parts of the world, even in America.

What is truly dubious is writer Dodge's attempt to weave a tale of sexual promiscuity at the very top of Philippine society by dragging in the names of President and Mrs. Marcos, and even their daughter Imee—apparently in an effort to draw readership to his manufactured pornography. I will not even venture to guess what sinister places and to what lengths Mr. Dodge went to get his false reports. I will say, however, that these can only come from polluted minds.

I realize that it is useless even to write you on how we Filipinos abhor the malicious Dodge article on Manila, because I know that you won't even care to publish this rebuttal. We Filipinos by now have realized that we should simply ignore your lies because it is futile to reason with people who do not even know the difference between the truth and a lie.

—Danilo S. Bacalzo
Vice Consul
Philippine Consulate
Los Angeles, California

We stand by our report. Manila is a fun place.

John Dodge's report *Manila: Sodom of the Pacific* made the Philippines look like a total world of shit. All of his accounts are true. However, when was the last time he

was in San Francisco, Los Angeles or New York? Any city in the States or in the world, for that matter, will offer things that people desire. In an impoverished country like the Philippines they just seem more abundant. Look around and compare Manila to any large American city. Then think about who showed them that other people's kinks can be turned into a profitable business. Only the price is different.

—D. B.
Jacksonville, North Carolina

WALLY GEORGE:

I just got my issue of HUSTLER with Wally George as Asshole of the Month (March '85). If anyone deserves the title, it's Wally George. At one time I'd watch him for laughs, but he'd make me so mad that my TV would become covered with spit! Soon televisions across America will be covered with saliva because there is talk of syndicating his show.

—J. T.
Long Beach, California

ARDENT ADMIRERS:

I like your magazine. However, you, Larry Flynt, are by far the sickest asshole in the world. You ought to have your head examined. You probably don't have enough balls to print this. But if you do, I bet this letter will bring a smile to millions of faces.

Cool out, man. You're not God. Hell,

you're not even in the same class as a fucking dirtball. Man, that's so low, you could suck an earthworm's dick. You probably would, as long as you could cut it off, stick it up a baby's asshole and make a nickel out of it. I hope you print this. I want your readers to know what a maggot you really are.

—Bill S.
Texarkana, Texas

First of all, let me say that your sexy girls are gorgeous! Second of all, let me say that your cartoons do nothing but encourage deranged thinking in weak-hinged individuals. Third, it makes me sick to see great men like Jimmy Swaggart and Jerry Falwell degraded in your magazine. I happen to like them both! They stand for truth.

Fourth, some people are trying to separate God and State, not Church and State! Fifth, your criticizing of the President sounds Russian. Try publishing HUSTLER over there, Larry. Sixth, I like to read *Feedback*, especially when readers are cursing you, Larry.

—M. D. M.
Louisville, Kentucky

SOUR KRAUT:

Let me start off by saying that your magazine is definitely one of the best—if not the best. I really enjoy the articles and "pink," and I'm sure many other readers do too.

There's one thing that really pisses me off though—your discriminating, tasteless cartoons about Hitler. He was a member of the supreme race, and it's obvious that you know nothing about that. I'm a German and am damned proud of it.

The Jews are fucking scumbags who are not worthy of a place on Earth. They even went so low as to kill God's Son. If I had my way, I'd finish the task that Hitler started. The United States was an asshole for teaming up on him.

I bet you don't have the balls to print this. I'll buy your magazine only for a short time unless I see my letter in *Feedback*.

—Frank R.
Oneida, New York

Since we've printed your letter, Frank, we hope you'll go out and buy copies for all of your friends.

BEAVER HUNT:

Beaver Hunt is absolutely tremendous. As a matter of fact, I'd like to have the job (on a volunteer basis, of course!) of sifting through the entries to select the ones to be published. If anything, you should expand the section to seven or eight pages. Your February '85 entries contain some really nice photos, particularly Rhonda from Riverside, California, and Kelley from East Granby, Connecticut, whose fantasy (having "thousands of men getting themselves off all over the pages") was granted—by me!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Beaver Hunt is one of the main reasons I buy your magazine. I really get off on all those different ladies showing what they have between their legs. Tina from Laurinburg, North Carolina, was really great (February '85). I like to see women sticking things in their pussies. How about doing a layout of a girl with a big dildo? And one more thing: I hope you plan on keeping the bulletin board for a background; the tile floor is pretty bad.

Finally, a comment on the spotlight technique used by photographer Matti Klatt in your photo-feature *Lucille: Slow and Easy* (February '85). Shining bright lights on the model's pussy is very fake-looking. I'm tired of it.

—M. J.
Rockford, Illinois

HAIRY:

The last time I saw a model with body hair in your magazine was in March '78. How much longer will I have to wait to see another one? We all know that there are women who don't shave but are shy about exposing it—or that magazine editors decide not to show them in their publications. Most editors think that ex-

(continued on page 12)



An award-winning humorist and graduate of Brown University, Jeffrey Lantos delights in pointing out just how perverse society can get at times. A part-time standup comic and full-time writer, he has been published in *Cosmopolitan*, *American Film*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Chicago Literary Review*. He jumped at the opportunity to elaborate on the people, places and things he can't stand.

* * *

I wish I could avoid television commercials asking 18-year-olds to enlist in our Armed Forces. They make me gag. All that "Be all that you can be . . . see the world in today's Army" stuff. Talk about hogwash. Talk about deception. Talk about preying on the minds of poor, uneducated adolescents. The Madison Avenue phonies who write these messages should be yanked out of their cushy New York offices and sent to Parris Island or Fort Bragg for a few days. Let them be all that they can be. Take away their gabardines and give them some foul-smelling fatigues. Take away their blow dryers and give them a burr-head. Throw them in with a bunch of sadistic, gap-toothed, beady-eyed, Jew-hating blowhards and run them through a mine field.

They claim you can learn electronics in the Army. What they don't say is you might have to crawl through two miles of pigshit and disembowel a few bean pickers. They claim you can learn about computers in the Army. They don't say you'll hit the beach at Grenada and be ordered to waste a few lifeguards as well.

The truth is, the Army is not about travel. The Army is not about gadgetry. It's not a place to grow. It's about death and destruction. The Army is about dying. If you are 18 years old and you want to be all that you can be, join *anything* but today's Army.

* * *

I had lunch last week with a woman who turns me on. As we left the restaurant, she pecked me on the cheek and said, "Can we just be friends?" I can't stand women like this. I have enough friends. I don't need more friends. What I need is a naked woman steaming up my shower and lathering her tits with soap-on-a-rope. Some people don't seem to understand that our survival depends on men and women getting naked and rutting. God didn't take a rib from Adam to create someone you could meet for coffee.

There's another kind of woman I can't stand: the gorgeous ones who drive \$35,000 convertibles. Now, the only reason most of these ladies have \$35,000 automobiles is because they're beautiful and they put out for rich men. It's my feeling that to be gorgeous is reward enough. When I see a 29-year-old Venus behind the wheel of a 450 SL, I want to leap up on a table and quote Marx. I want to relive the worst excesses of the French Revolution. I want to humiliate these women and dribble on their pedicures. In the fairest of worlds the lissome blondes would drive subcompacts, and the homely girls would benefit from German engineering. For to be ugly is unfortunate. But to be ugly in a Ford Pinto is to know not one mile of joy.

* * *

The other morning I walked into a restaurant and looked at the laminated menu. Underneath breakfast choices it said, "Farm Fresh, Ranch-Style Eggs." Who are they kidding? Farm-fresh?! There isn't a farm within 50 miles of that place. Ranch-style?! What does that mean? We know that the eggs in this joint—and all the others—are from some poor scrawny chicken that's cooped up in an airless metal barn north of Atlanta with 10,000 other scrawny chickens that walk around in each others' shit and whose beaks have to be clipped so they don't peck each other to death. It's called animal farming. These chickens never see the sun. If you put one of



them out on a farm, it would keel over from too much oxygen.

* * *

People with phones in their cars are too much. What are they trying to prove? We've lived for eons without car phones, and now all of a sudden a guy can't wait ten minutes to make a call. Talk about type-A personalities. These are type-Asshole personalities. What gets me is that they all look so serious when they're talking on their car phones—like they just got news about a recent Supreme Court ruling. In fact, most of them are talking to their bookies or their mistresses, or they're making racquetball appointments.

* * *

Recently I went into a public bathroom where air freshener had been sprayed. I don't know why they call it that, since it doesn't freshen the air. It pollutes it—with things like dimethyl benzyl ammonium chloride and other noxious substances companies like Union Carbide make. I for one would rather smell what humans leave behind than what Union Carbide leaves behind. We've seen what they left in Bhopal, India. They're not to be trusted. Neither is Warren Anderson, the firm's president. He should be held personally responsible for the deaths of 2,000 people. Why is he free to walk the streets? He should be doing ten to 20 in Leavenworth. If we can't get the guy for criminal negligence, let's just get him. Let's lay him down on a 2" X 4" and pluck his pubic hairs with tweezers. Anything.

* * *

I had the misfortune to eat at a nouvelle-cuisine restaurant last night, and later I was rushed to an Emergi-Center. This is a kind of halfway house between pain and the intensive-care unit. Lately these places have been popping up like fungi in a soggy meadow.

The care offered in an Emergi-Center is the medical equivalent of fast food. It's McDoctor's. It's Doc-in-a-Box. And it's dreadful. Shifty doctors after a fast buck—who are these guys anyway? Why aren't they working in real emergency rooms? They must be hiding something. We should flush them out and go through their pockets. I'm sure we'd find incriminating ticket stubs and bogus passports. These joints should be closed down and turned into Mrs. Fields Cookies shops. Now there's one thing I *can* stand. 🐾

Melody makers



Photo by Neil Zlozower

By now everyone's come to expect bizarre statements from that kooky German singer **Nina Hagen**, but when asked why she remade the 1970 hit "Spirit in the Sky" for her new LP, *In Ecstasy*, she explained that she had "boyfriends in space." High-flying Hagen states that "when I travel the astral plane, I meet male entities who are so beautiful and who love me so much that we have sex in space." What's it like to make it with an extraterrestrial? According to Nina, "It's like having sex with God." Wow!

Can too much Krishna consciousness screw up your sex life? Take the case of ex-Beatle **George Harrison**: His first wife, Pattie, left him for his best friend, **Eric Clapton**. Now inside sources inform us that while en route to Hawaii, Harrison was overheard confessing to a shocked listener that his second wife, Olivia, had thrown him over for another girl! Maybe the meditating mop-top spends too much time studying his mantra and not enough on his mattress. . . .

The threat of jail time for **Vince Neil** may loom overhead, but champion glam-rock shagheads **Motley Crue** aren't taking it sitting down. Rumors that these raunch 'n' rollers were looking for a new lead singer were quickly dispelled when they recently entered a recording studio to cut some hot black vinyl. Listeners four blocks away were able to tell us that their new blues-influenced tunes still have the razor-sharp Crue edge!



Photo by Neil Zlozower



British techno-pop rockers **Tears for Fears** aren't the first to explore primal-scream therapy with their music. **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono** used it on their first album. But unlike the shrieks and screams on *Plastic Ono Band*, the angst-ridden vocals on *Songs From the Big Chair*—the latest LP from Tears—provide the perfect antithesis for the album's soaring melodies and lush, danceable rhythms. "Our childhood wasn't right," says lead vocalist and bassist **Curt Smith**. "That's why our views on primal theory come out."



Photo by Neil Zlozower

Always the ladies' man, Van Halen's David Lee Roth is riding the solo waves with "California Girls."

What's it take to get into **Madonna's** pants? According to her new single, "Material Girl," all you need is a little hard-earned cash. "Only boys that save their pennies," she declares, "make my rainy day." That being the case, we can understand why the floor-rolling chanteuse has the hots for film heartthrob Sean Penn. With his share of the profits from the highly successful *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Racing With the Moon* and *The Falcon and the Snowman*, Penn would seem to fit the sexy siren's requirements nicely.



At an elaborate photo-session in Japan recently, Swedish guitar sensation **Yngwie** (pronounced *Ing-vay*) **Malmsteen** and his new band, **Rising Force**, treated adoring fans to a startling display of flesh. Slightly loopy from their flight into the country (and very drunk), the young metal-masters opened their pants, whipped out their wangs and performed a heartfelt rendition of the dancing-sausage two-step. Unfortunately, the only photographer on hand must have been gay because he spent all his time drooling instead of taking pictures.

His fans call Yngwie Malmsteen "God," and some people refer to him as the next rock messiah. But **Ron Keel**, founder and lead singer for the **Gene Simmons**-produced heavy-metal group **Keel**, has slightly more derogatory terms for the Scandinavian supernova. "Yngwie's a penis with fingers," says Keel. "He used me to get to America." Before Malmsteen became a member of **Alcatraz**, it seems, he was in Keel's old band, **Steeler**. "I brought him over from Sweden," explains Ron, "but when he got here, I found he had something weird on his shoulders that wasn't his head. I immediately started auditioning other guitar players." Ron assures us, however, that there's no hard feelings. "There's no animosity now. We shake hands and say hello, but he's *still* a penis with fingers."

Rap kings **Grandmaster Melle Mel** and the **Furious Five** have invited a veritable who's who of porn stars to appear in the upcoming video for their hit single "White Lines." Big-dicked **Ron Jeremy**, **Veronica Hart**, **Sharon Mitchell**, **Samantha Fox**, **Susaye London**, **Marlene Willoughby**, **Tiffany Clark** and many others will perform the anticocaine story told in the song. We hope this daring step will start a new—and sexy—trend in rock videos.

Cheech Marin and **Tommy Chong** are recording their first album since 1978. What's it going to be called? "We don't know yet, but we're leaning towards *Purple Rain*," says Cheech. The LP—which centers around music, musicians and their ridiculous lifestyles—will include six C&C musical compositions as well as hilarious dialogues. The upcoming video for this rock absurdity will be "shot either in Tangiers or East L.A."

For fans of **Quiet Riot**'s ass-kicking bass player, **Rudy Sarzo**, we have some bad news and some good news. The bad news is that Rudy just quit the band, citing "personal and professional differences." The good news is that Rudy's teaming up with **Ozzy Osbourne**'s old drummer, **Tommy Aldridge**, to form an as-yet-unnamed metal ensemble. Judging from their level of talent, this new group of musical misfits is destined for success. . . .



Photo by Jeffrey Mayer



Photo by John Harrell

If someone asks **Ozzy Osbourne** how he received that vicious wound on his arm, he may claim that he got it during some dangerous onstage performance. But we know the truth is somewhat more domestic. Ozzy, after having sworn off alcohol for several months, reportedly got absolutely shitfaced one night from a single cocktail and passed out. His wife, Sharon, obviously tired of the bat-biter's drunken antics, angrily jabbed a handy fork into his shoulder in desperation. But Osbourne—too wasted to scream in pain—just got up and went back to his drink. The satanic singer better stay off the juice, or he just might end up as a hamburger to go.



Singer **John Anderson** joined fellow country-and-western megastars including **Jerry Reed** and the **Oak Ridge Boys** in supporting the "Adopt an Eagle" program. John's donating his new single, "Fly, Eagle, Fly" to a two-record collection of hits, the proceeds of which will go to a foundation devoted to keeping our national symbol airborne. The soulful songwriter has even gone so far as to personally adopt one of the glorious birds.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

cessive hair on the female body is unsightly and should be airbrushed or hidden. There are quite a few of us hairy-women lovers. So how about some photo-spreads featuring extra-hairy women?

I'm not knocking people who adore shaved pussies. They can have their fantasy. But why do they knock hairy women, calling them apes and monkeys?

Virtually every other fantasy, fetish and fixation is depicted in American men's magazines. They show big tits, little tits, shaved pussies, milk squirters, interracial couples, lesbos, anal sex, oral sex, oiled bodies, mud wrestling, bondage and the like. I think my fantasy is a relatively mild one. All I want to see is some hairy armpits, legs, etc.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I've been buying and enjoying HUSTLER—the No. 1 men's magazine—for years. My biggest turn-on is women with very hairy cunts! I'm bewildered why you don't run photo-layouts of sexy models with thick, thick bushes and with hair running down their thighs all the way to their ankles.

When I fantasize about banging such hairy cunts, I come with the gusto of a hound dog. Such mind-blowing models

would definitely increase your sales. So how about it, guys? Let's have a special photo-spread of a very hairy dame. That would be real jerkoff material! —J. C. Tiptonville, Tennessee

Good news. We've got a hairy girl . . . and a bear coming next month. (For a sneak preview, see page 21.)

CHRYSTAL:

I don't have much time to write. I've got to get back to my April '85 issue so I can drool over that fabulous photo-feature *Chrystal: Pleasure Cruise*. At long last you've run photographs of a girl who looks like she really wants to fuck . . . and fuck . . . and fuck. My dick's harder than a fountain pen. Gotta run. —E. R. B. Tarzana, California

LORETTA:

I just purchased your March '85 issue, and I have to tell you that I think *Loretta: Legal at Last* is the sexiest HUSTLER Honey you've ever had. She's great!!! On a scale of 1 to 10, Loretta easily scores a 99 (to the tenth power).

Perhaps part of my infatuation with her is that she is nearly my age, but God, she's so beautiful too! Cheerleaders have always been my fetish, and when I read that Loretta was the captain of a cheer-leading squad . . . the earth trembled.

I'm currently serving in the Navy, and I'm about to go to sea for the first time. I'd give anything for a letter from Loretta to take with me. It would mean the world to me to have a letter that I could put with her picture and dream about what a hot night we could have if she gave me the chance. Please ask her if she'd answer my letter. And one last thing: Tell her she has great eyes and great legs and great. . .

—D. W.

Jacksonville, Florida

Hey, sailor, thanks for the compliments.

—Loretta

DRUG WARNING:

In your March '85 issue you said an awful lot with just eight words ("Blow Your Brains Out—Drugs Are for Losers") and that haunting picture. I took the page out of the magazine, put it in a chrome frame and will hang it in my daughter's room (age 18). Not that she's on drugs. I don't think she's that stupid, and I trust her 100%. I'm putting it there because I love her, and I think it's better than always talking about drugs. —J. S.

Irvington, New York

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION:

I can't believe that you didn't get any pro-animal-research mail with respect to *The Horror of Animal Experimentation* (November '84). If animal research might save the life of a severely burned child or help that kid heal a little faster or with a little less pain, then cut the vocal chords of a thousand more pigs and burn their asses.

It's the pain of another human being who's had his or her body crushed in an auto accident that concerns me, not how many monkeys are slammed up against walls. A dumb animal is a dumb animal; they were put on this Earth to serve man.

It's possible that an animal researcher somewhere developed some of the procedures that saved the life of HUSTLER's Larry Flynt when he had his guts blown out in 1978. It's not a job that I'd like to have; neither is yours, but somebody has to do it.

I say bravo to the men and women who devote their lives to reducing the pain and agony of their fellow human beings.

—Steve Austin
Parlier, California

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly handwritten) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



GRAFFITHTY



THANK AND \$50 TO JOYCE K., SIMI VALLEY, CA

HOT LETTERS

OFFICE SERVICES:

I work for the telephone company as a phone installer; so I spend a great deal of time under secretaries' desks. Consequently, I've been seeing a lot of intentional and accidental beaver-shots on the job. It's surprising how a virginal, lady-like pose can disappear under the secrecy of a closed-in desk. It seems like once I get in front of their chairs, those perfectly groomed women who once so primly crossed their legs become laid-back lovers of ventilation. They spread their thighs, raise their skirts and expose their pretty panties to the open air. I've begun to wonder if it's me.

Recently I had a job installing intercoms in a large office in a major hotel. The secretary there was one of those ladies who give the come-on with their eyes but lower their lashes demurely once they sense the blood pumping through your tool.

For two days I was down on the floor on my hands and knees under her desk, shifting cables. She didn't seem to want to give me the time of day, but I'm sure she could tell I was getting hotter by the minute. By the third day I was ready to lick her shoes.

That afternoon this luscious black-haired beauty—Lila was her name—was wearing a pink-satin blouse and a gray wraparound skirt. We were alone in the office as I prowled around under her desk. While I worked, I looked up at her and thought I saw an amused smile play across her face.

Then I crouched back underneath, and the sight that awaited me was incredible. Lila had leaned back in her chair, and her legs were slightly spread. She wore no underwear, and her triangle, completely exposed, was as smooth as a baby's butt. I glanced up quickly and saw that the look in her eyes was more than inviting; so I went to work.

Leisurely, I let my hands travel up her creamy thighs under her skirt until my fingertips just brushed the smooth, warm outer lips. I pressed my nose to her cunt and inhaled her warm, musky scent. Slowly, I pushed a finger inside her cleft

and found she was already wet. I heard a soft moan come from the chair above. She leaned back farther in her seat. I lowered my head into her lap and began licking to my heart's content. As my tongue darted in and out, her magnificent hole acquired a life of its own and seemed to be pulling my tongue deep inside. Add to this the excitement of possibly being discovered at any time, and both of us were nearly going crazy.

Lila's panting and wild moans were



getting louder. Her hips left the chair entirely, and her hands shoved my head farther and farther inside her box. When she finally came, I buried my tongue deeper and probed for every drop of her sweet love juices. Suddenly, though, a door slammed in the room, and her knees banged together. I heard her talking to someone; so I went back to installing the intercom. I finished a few minutes later and emerged to find that her boss was in the office watching her type something.

"That'll be all," I said. "Everything should work now."

She looked at her boss, then back at me. "Is there a number I can call if I have any problem with the equipment?" she asked calmly.

I smiled and grabbed a notepad from her desk. I scribbled down my name and number, and left. That night we enjoyed the first of many hot dates. And who says working for the phone company can't be fun?

—Mike P.

West Fork, Arkansas

POKER GAME:

Every month my husband, Frank, plays poker with a group of his buddies. Last time the game was at our house. I helped him set up the card table and drinks in the den, then I retired to our bedroom at the other end of the house for a solitary evening in front of the television set. Though I shut the doors in the hallway, I could faintly hear the men laughing and talking as they drank and lost money to each other.

Eventually I undressed and fell asleep. I woke up suddenly, though, with the strange feeling that something was crawling up my leg. After blinking a few times to get accustomed to the light, I found that the sheets had been stripped off of me, and I was lying completely nude on the bed. A few more blinks and I realized my husband and two of his friends were in the room with me.

Frank had two fingers up my cunt, which was surprisingly wet, and one of his friends—Gary—was holding a huge hard-on in one hand, stroking it as he watched. Still half asleep, I wriggled and moaned as my husband pumped his thick fingers in and out of me. Then I realized they still thought I was asleep; so I decided to play along with their game.

I closed my eyes again and began to constrict my cunt around my husband's hand. "God, Gary," I heard him exclaim. "I told you she was hot, didn't I? You should feel this." His voice was slurred from alcohol.

I spread my legs farther apart, pretending to be having a very sexual dream. I felt Frank's hand withdraw from my pussy, and then someone else's fingers entered and explored my love tunnel. "Hey, man, does she always get this wet?" I heard Gary ask.

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"Sure," my husband replied. "She's the best fuck around." For some strange reason their talk was really arousing me. I had always fantasized about having more than one lover at once, and this way, it seemed, I could accomplish just that—with no one ever realizing how much I was enjoying it.

"Go ahead," I heard Frank say. Then I felt a thick, hard cock plunge deep into my cunt.

I squirmed and moaned. When Frank's familiar dick was placed against my lips, I sleepily opened my mouth to receive it. Gary's pumping grew faster and faster as I sucked the end of my husband's rod. The other guy, I reasoned, must have passed out or was still watching. Gary's tool was driving me nuts. He pounded against me, filling me up. It was all I could do to pretend I was still asleep—especially when I came. I couldn't help but groan loudly.

"Wow," Gary panted, "this must be some dream she's having . . . oh . . . oh!" He pulled out and came all over my belly. Within a few seconds Frank had taken his place inside my cunt. I arched up to meet him, my clit still burning from my previous orgasm.

The thought that someone was watching me fuck the living daylights out of my husband really turned me on. I thrashed and squirmed beneath him, forcing myself to keep my eyes closed as I came. Then I felt Frank's hot, sticky fluid fill me up, and suddenly he collapsed on top of me, fast asleep.

In the morning I awoke to find him still there, sprawled out on top of me with his limp dick pressed between my legs. The others were gone, and I couldn't resist waking him up and pointing to the hardening, sticky pool of Gary's cum on my stomach.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Huh?" he responded, obviously somewhat hung over. "Oh, that. I dunno. Must've had a wet dream."

"I guess so," I laughed, knowing the "wet dream" had really been mine.

—Claudia M.
Orinda, California

GOING UP:

I'm an accounts-payable clerk at a financial-services company on the 19th floor of a high-rise in downtown Los Angeles. We're a pretty conservative firm; so the biggest scandal that's ever happened to us was when a nude-modeling agency moved its offices to the floor above us. Every day we were confronted in the elevator by scantily clad young women discussing the sort of things I don't even talk to my wife about when we're alone in bed.

One afternoon I was on my way back to

the office from a meeting with a client and had to ride up in the elevator alone with one of these harlots. She had on a short denim skirt and a skimpy, tight-fitting blouse that covered only one shoulder and showed her navel. I tried to keep my gaze on the lighted numbers above us as we rode up, but then something terrible happened.

The lights went out briefly in the car, and the elevator stopped with a sickening thud. Shaking, I looked over to see if she had fainted or needed help, but she seemed calm. Minutes passed; the only sound in the car was this bimbo chomping on her chewing gum. I reached over to push the emergency call switch, but to my horror, she placed her hand over mine, stopping me.

"Ya know," she said, "I got this fantasy about elevators."

I shuddered.

"I find you very attractive," she continued, staring at my zipper. "Would you like me to blow you?"

Sweat was coursing down my brow. Again I reached for the emergency switch. This time she pushed me back against the wall. Then she unzipped my gray-wool trousers and took out my penis. I decided to let her go ahead, figuring she might do me even worse harm if I tried to stop her.

She knelt down, took my tool into her mouth and covered it with saliva. I closed my eyes and tried to think about my wife, but instead all I could think of was this tart in her miniskirt. My cock stiffened. She licked it from top to bottom and then, incredibly, took the entire thing all the way down her throat, sucking and sucking until I let go, spraying her face with sperm.

She wiped it off with the back of her hand and straightened up. "Boy," she said, "you must've been real excited. How about giving me some head, huh?"

I zipped up my pants and pretended to be getting down on my knees. Instead, I flipped the emergency switch, and the elevator began moving.

"Gee," she said, "you're a real selfish son of a bitch."

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I replied.

"Me? I'm not the one who came in five seconds," she laughed. The doors opened, and I got out.

I thought of writing you, since I'm a regular reader of HUSTLER—at night after my wife goes to sleep. Thank you for the opportunity to get this off my chest.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Send your *Hot Letters* to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Potomac Wire

White House Arm Twisting and Elvis a Would-Be Snitch?

by Larry Flynt

You are President Reagan, and you face a big problem: There are serious ethical questions about your candidate for attorney general, Edwin Meese III. So what do you do? You make it clear that any senator who votes against your old friend's nomi-



The appointment of Attorney General Edwin Meese III proves it's good to have friends in high places.

nation will be on your shitlist for a long time. Which is exactly how Meese limped into the office of attorney general a couple of months ago.

A 385-page report prepared by an independent counsel cleared him of any violation of federal criminal law despite allegations of, among other things, failing to report an interest-free \$15,000 loan, arranging federal jobs for men who had done him financial favors and receiving an Army Reserve promotion he didn't deserve.

The bad odor around Meese was so strong, however, that the Reagan team decided to wait until Ronnie won a landslide election before pushing him on the Senate. Still, not everyone was impressed.

"It doesn't follow that to be unindictable for a criminal offense qualifies him to be attorney general," said Senator Paul S. Sarbanes (D-Maryland), who voted against Meese's confirmation.

But White House pressure was so great

that even some senators who protested the nomination knuckled under. They knew that if they crossed the President, their calls to the White House would go unanswered. And should they want a dam built or a naval base retained in their district, they couldn't count on the help of the Republican majority in the Senate. Which is why 15 Democrats joined their GOP colleagues to install a mediocre Meese as head of the Justice Department.

Footnote: Maybe in his new job Ed will learn to keep his mouth shut about upper-level decisions. It was Meese who revealed at a dinner party last year that the Pentagon brass was initially reluctant to invade Grenada because the military feared a backlash of public opinion. Only when Reagan assured them he'd take care of public opinion did the generals get serious about invasion plans.

* * *

If the late Elvis Presley and J. Edgar Hoover seem an unlikely duo, well, Hoover thought so too. But not Presley. According to FBI files obtained under the Freedom of Information Act by Washington journalist Warren Rogers, the singer always wanted to meet the nation's top cop. But Hoover, acting on advice from staffers who noted Presley's long hair and "gyrations while performing," declined.

Presley finally wrangled a private tour



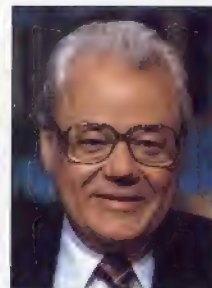
Elvis Presley said that he had useful information, but the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover wasn't interested.



of FBI headquarters in 1970, but no meeting with Hoover. Too bad, because it could have been the start of an interesting crime-fighting combo. Presley, the bureau's memos reveal, said he was often approached by people outside the recording industry "whose motives and goals he is convinced are not in the best interests of this country." And he volunteered to report such information to the FBI.

* * *

Speaking of the FBI, the publication of Arkady Shevchenko's book about defecting from the Soviet Union reveals that the



Former callgirl Judy Chavez welcomed a "lonely" Soviet defector, Arkady Shevchenko, with open arms.

callgirl with whom the FBI set him up, Judy Chavez, was located in a pretty conventional manner: by flipping through the Yellow Pages and dialing an outcall-massage service.

The image of the FBI and CIA having an elite corps of prostitutes available for special situations is false, at least in the Shevchenko case. What no one counted on, of course, was that Chavez was no dumb broad. She took the Russki for thousands of dollars (he said he was lonely and confused), then told NBC-TV about it and parlayed that into a fat book advance.

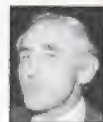
Today both Shevchenko and Chavez are married—to other people. He lives in Washington; she in New York.

Whispers

Do you remember former Iowa Senator Roger Jepsen, the born-again Christian who was caught having visited a massage parlor in his home state? And ex-Congressman Daniel Crane (R-Illinois), who apologized for seducing a female Capitol Hill page? Well, forgiveness is apparently theirs because the Christian Voice's "moral" scorecard recently awarded Jepsen and Crane a 100% rating. . . . Congressman Romano Mazzoli (D-Kentucky) on his proposal to create a National Cheeseburger Week: "Today cheeseburgers are as much a part of American tradition as baseball, hot dogs and apple pie."



Jepsen



Mazzoli

(For future Washington Daisy Chain columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

HUSTLER UNTIES THE "NOTS"

Someone is always trying to tell us what not to do. We're not supposed to be so irreverent; we're not supposed to expose governmental scandals or international atrocities; and we're NOT supposed to reveal so much about human sexuality. But there's only one thing we're not going to do . . . we're not going to change. That's why you shouldn't miss even one issue of HUSTLER. You never know when we'll untie the "not" that lets you loose. Subscribe today.



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BITTS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Tight-assed and *sexually repressed* are two words that can easily be applied to the pathetic scumbags leading the current crusade against pornography. But to describe Dorchen Leidholdt, our June Asshole of the Month, in those terms might be misleading. Although Leidholdt certainly qualifies as sexually repressed, this pus-bloated walking sphincter is anything but tight. On an all-too-regular basis this flapping fart-hole discharges the rotting feces she passes off as arguments supporting her unfounded belief that pornography causes rape and violence against women. HUSTLER has exposed these arguments time and again as having less weight than an Ethiopian on a hunger strike, but this reeking rectum refuses to accept the truth.

And no wonder. Anyone who believes, as Leidholdt does, that sex is humiliating and painful clearly is not going to let the truth change her mind.

Another reason: Leidholdt, a founding member of Women Against Pornography, has fi-

Dorchen Leidholdt



nally achieved prominence as a spokeswoman for this frustrated group of sexual fascists. She's had a long wait for national recognition, but now that bigger names such as Gloria Steinem have drifted out of the spotlight, Dorchen—like a buoyant turd in a toilet—has bobbed to the surface to take their places.

Here's a sample of the bi-

zarre paranoia that underlies the vengeful hysteria of these mind-fucked feminists: On a recent Cable News Network talk show Leidholdt said, "Pornography affects our everyday lives to the extent that we can't move about without being afraid of an attack or without being sexually assaulted." It's demented thinking like this that gives rape victims a bad name.

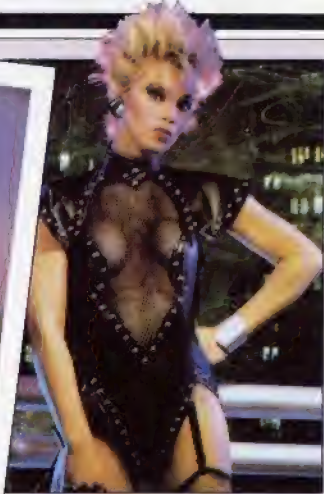
To back up this wacko statement, Leidholdt claims to have "an overwhelming body of evidence that shows that pornography makes all women the potential or actual victims of sexual violence." This is, of course, absolute dogshit. Study after study has shown that porn either does *not* cause sexually aggressive behavior or has failed to show that it does.

Nevertheless, Leidholdt and her twisted WAP "sisters" are dedicated to the proposition that pornography is to blame for just about every ill suffered by womankind. And these bitter bungholes intend to cure this supposed suffering by eliminating, through censorship, everything they consider to be pornographic. Hating men, hating sex and hating themselves as they do, you can be sure their list is a long one.

We'd like to laugh off this Asshole as a harmless fanatic, but censorship is no laughing matter: Any attack on the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of expression is deadly serious.

Gender Bender

Look great, don't they? Before you answer, there's a catch—the she's are also he's. These bizarre beauties are featured in the *Hollywood She-Male Calendar 1985* from Mike Lawson Productions (P.O. Box 346, 18653 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, CA 91356). They're billed as "The World's Sexiest Transsexual Superstars." Make's you wonder what any gorgeous babe is packing under her skirt.



Who Is Beatrice?

Seems as if every product advertised on TV these days is owned by the Beatrice Corporation. We couldn't help but wonder, "Who the fuck is this Beatrice?" Well, at last we've gotten to the bottom of the mystery—Beatrice is simply the company's cleaning woman, whose natural rhythm with a rubber stamp makes her the perfect choice for engineering these takeovers. "Everything gets my seal of approval," she grins. "It don't say Beatrice until I say it says Beatrice."



Porn From the Past



Have you got some dirty old photos on your hands? Send them to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any picture that we use. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your photos returned.

A Swordid Affair

Doug Henning, watch out! This sweet young lovely's got a sharp act that's bound to take Las Vegas by storm. Hey, there's no sad faces here, folks. Our amaz-

ing beauty is a genuine cutup and surely destined for the big time. However, we must warn you saber-swallowing ladies not to try this daring trick at home—at least not with a sword. (Other safer items may come to mind.) One false move, and you could wind up with an unwanted hysterectomy. Get the point?





Milking an Idea

Putting pictures of missing children on the sides of milk cartons is a smart move, but why stop there? There are plenty of young punks who should be tracked down and punished, and "Wanted" posters on moo-juice containers are just the way to catch the little bastards. A little vitamin-D justice will teach the brats a lesson.

Lions and Tigers and Queers—Oh, My!

To, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore." Poor Dorothy's return to Oz has taken an unexpected turn now that she's wandered into The Blue Scarecrow, the favorite hangout of hard-core fags from the haunted forest to the Emerald City. It's the perfect spot to munch a *Munchkin* or meet a good fairy, but Dorothy will be hitting the Yellow Brick Road (now renamed Golden Shower Avenue) to get the hell out of town as soon as possible. "There's no place like homo."



Cumputer Art

The future of erotic art may well be in the home computer—all you have to do is grab your joystick. HUSTLER reader and porn programmer Rhonald Schlick sent us this masterpiece called "Love Bytes," which he created on a Commodore 64. Talk about hard software.



Oldie but Goodie

She's hot, she's mod, she's dressed for love, and she's old enough to be your grandmother! If that isn't the formula for 1985 superstardom, nothing is. So what if Tina Turner's actually 45? Mamadonna's got corsets older than that. "Touched for the very last time."





Creepshow

Call this image, if you will, *Night of the Living Dead* Meets the Marquis De Sade's Laundromat. And if you're not the least bit shaken by pop culturist Stephen Sayadian's vision, there's room for you at the end of the corridor with the other lobotomy cases.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



News in Briefs

Would you like to see Diane Sawyer or Connie Chung deliver the tidings in their Frederick's of

Hollywood garb? It hasn't happened yet, but the way things are going, even Dan Rather may have a news flash for us.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

June 1985

Condom Cutback

Warsaw, Poland—Due to a nationwide condom shortage, Polish authorities have begun rationing rubbers. Males aged 17 to 24 will receive eight per month; the 25-59 age group gets four per month, while seniors 60 and over get only one prophylactic a month. Though rationing these contraceptives will probably not affect Poland's birth rate, water-balloon fights are expected to fall off drastically.

Baring Her Soul?

Shreveport, LA—A woman found praying nude before the altar

of a local Methodist church explained her lack of attire by saying, "I didn't want anything between me and the Lord." Including her *Calvin's*.

Military Procurement

Libreville, Gabon—Trying to rid his cities of streetwalkers, the president of this West African nation has ordered security forces to round up hookers and turn them over to the army as "booty." While enlistment figures are not yet available, President Omar Bongo's poon-for-privates program may result in Gabon's acquiring the largest army on the Dark Continent.

Lead Him Not Into Temptation

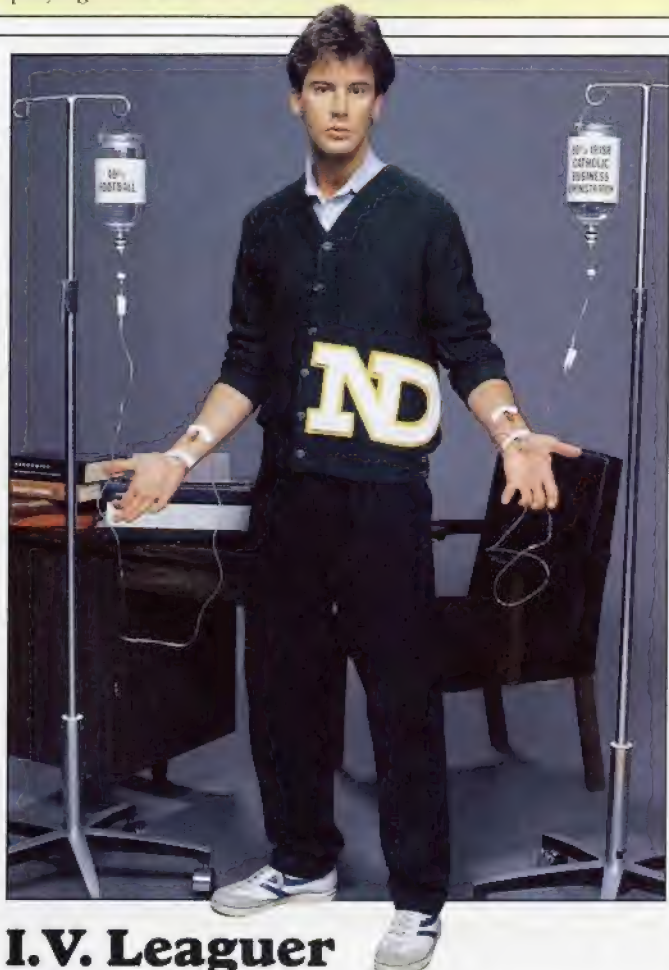
Lima, Peru—At the request of the Roman Catholic Church, the legal brothels in this South American country were closed during the Pope's recent visit. No wonder his stay was so brief.

Who's Sore-y Now?

San Mateo, CA—Twenty-three-year-old Toney Johnson was sentenced to 25 years in prison for the kidnaping, rape and robbery of a San Francisco Bay Area woman. Johnson then received five additional years for giving his victim herpes.

A Superhero's Secret

New York, NY—Marvel Comics' Spiderman astonished the world when it was disclosed in a special supplement issue that he had been sexually abused as a child. This bizarre revelation by the famous comic-book character is intended to comfort kids who believe that there's something wrong with them because they were sexually abused. At worst, the little tykes may start identifying with the neurotic web-thrower. At best, Spiderman's admission may finally prompt Snow White to tell what *really* happened with those seven dwarfs.



I.V. Leaguer

College-admission standards are tougher than ever these days, but what red-blooded high-school kid wants to bust his balls trying to make it in the better schools? These handy transfusions give a

guy everything he needs to cut it with the upper crust—and still leave him time for drinking beer and getting laid. At graduation the gown will cover those needle tracks, assuming he doesn't go out *magna cum OD*.



Photo by Ron Vogel

Spot the Bear

Judging from the mail we've gotten lately, you readers are hair-happy. Demands for bushy babes have become overwhelming. So, muff-divers and hair-pie devotees, prepare

yourselves for a photo-feature in the August '85 HUSTLER that will present the above well-forested feline in full spread. Now, that ought to razor spirits. . . .

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For June, \$150 goes to Charles G. McDowell and Rhonald Schlick. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

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SLASH

A Different Drummer

Photography by R. Roberts












"I like to hear a rat-a-tat on my two tanned tits," leers Slash. "Although I want to 'snare' a husband someday, right now my 'base' instincts draw me to all kinds of different guys. To me, a man is a 'cymbal' of strength and instrumental to my happiness." Uh, yeah.









T H E SLAVE T R A D E

There are more slaves working now than in 1794, when slavery was first abolished. And you can even attend a slave auction in America, the Land of the Free. Report by Mike Snow

It resembled something from an Arabian nightmare: about 50 women milling around like cattle in a large indoor ring. Some of them were black; some Indian; most of European extraction. They ranged in age from 18 to 30 and were dressed in everything from shorts to evening gowns. All appeared slightly drugged.

Men in flowing Arab robes, their faces masked with veils, crowded around the ring, ogling the women in the dim, eerie light. There was no feverish bidding, no auction signals of any kind. The "goods" had, in fact, been inspected and sold beforehand for as much as \$10,000 apiece. The surrealistic parade was merely a formality. Afterward the men would simply come to claim their merchandise and escort it from the ring.

The above scenario was no nightmare though, no dream of any kind, but an actual incident that took place after dark behind locked doors on the remote island of Pemba, Tanzania. It was witnessed by a European businessman who was attempting to ingratiate himself with authorities there.

While such transactions are rarely glimpsed by outsiders, slavery is by no means rare in this world, existing in various forms not only in the Middle East and Africa, but virtually everywhere else as well. Debt bondage and forced labor occur in both the United States and the Soviet Union. Children are routinely sold throughout the Third World for sexual purposes as well as their labor potential. In Brazil, tens of thousands of would-be domestics have found themselves servicing clients in whorehouses—tricked into white slavery.

From Japan to Germany, Iran to India, and Chile

to China, such practices flourish. Yet the public does not believe that these conditions could exist today. The Establishment press does not cover such stories, and it virtually ignores the new and subtler forms of slavery being perpetrated. And occasional accounts that appear in the tabloids are written in such sensational style that no one credits them. But the contemporary trade in human flesh is a growing phenomenon fed by a worldwide population explosion and the abundance of poverty everywhere.

It is estimated that there are more enslaved people in the world today than there were in 1794 when France became the first nation engaged in the slave trade to abolish the practice. The number of people who are, in effect, slaves exceeds 100 million, claims Peter Davies of the Anti-Slavery Society for the Protection of Human Rights. "A significant portion of the world's population is trapped [in slavlike conditions] by debt, traditions and restrictions."

SLAVE LABOR: The traditional concept of slavery is of a downtrodden people held in bondage and forced to labor for their masters. In 1980 Mauritania became the last country in the world to ban that kind of servitude; yet as many as 100,000 in the desert nation of 1.5 million remain under the yoke, while another 300,000 serfs and ex-slaves are still subject to severe discrimination. (Mauritania has tried to abolish slavery three times during the 20th century.) Mauritanian slaveholders have tended to be upper- and middle-class government officials, mostly white Moors. The slaves are poor blacks from the country's southwest region, made to work in fields and mines, tend camels and goats, or perform household chores. Many were born into slavery; others were captured by middlemen and sold into servitude.

"In Mauritania, slaves and slave owners have formed the system," said one

United Nations human-rights official who asked to remain anonymous. "If a slave is freed, he is no longer part of the system and has little if any means to sustain himself. Simply, he is left to die. And that is what has happened to many former slaves."

Admits one Mauritanian diplomat, "A thousand-year-old practice cannot be eradicated with the stroke of a pen."

It doesn't take a so-called official system of slavery, however, for humans to be sold into bondage. In Haiti, the country with the lowest per-capita income in the Western Hemisphere, the government deliberately encourages exploitation of its underutilized labor force. And

*The United States—
despite its supposed
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in eliminating
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from its shores.*

the chief perpetrator is none other than President-for-Life Jean Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier. At harvest time each year Baby Doc authorizes the transportation of tens of thousands of Haitian migrant sugar workers into the neighboring Dominican Republic. The workers are sold for the season through a broker, who gets \$11 per head, while the ruling Duvalier family receives a kickback of about \$100 for each laborer. The workers themselves get only \$1.83 for every ton of sugar cane cut. Said a 1979 Anti-Slavery Society report:

"A high proportion of the 280,000 Haitian immigrant workers and their

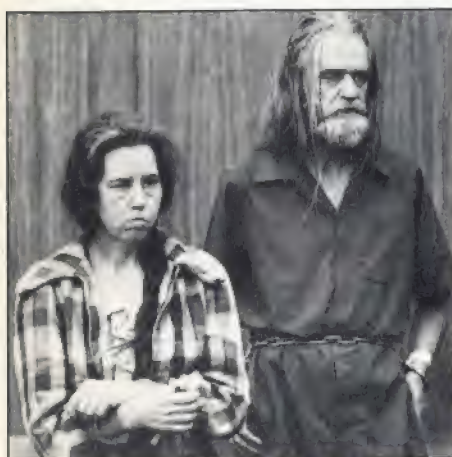
families in the Dominican Republic suffer from chronic malnutrition, a variety of preventable diseases, high maternal and infant mortality, illiteracy and hopelessness. This is due to deliberate neglect—neglect by employers and government alike—of housing, sanitation, hygiene, diet, clothing, education, pay, medical and welfare services. . . ."

The report continues: "The greed of the Duvalier family is so notorious that the international-aid agencies are now reluctant to commit funds to combat poverty in Haiti because they know the money would be simply siphoned off into private bank accounts."

In many parts of the world unsophisticated people have been tricked into slavery through debts that literally can never be repaid. This practice is known as debt bondage, and it's been around as long as we've had human greed. Debt bondage can involve phony labor contracts and fake deductions from wages. It proliferates in the poorer countries, where the debtor ends up working for no wages and where the debt is often passed on from generation to generation.

In India, for example, the British kept the country under colonial subjugation for nearly 200 years, and now many emancipated Indians have developed their own brand of subjugation. As a result, 12% of the people in that country have been left virtual slaves. One of these 20th-century serfs is Moshan Bhiuyan, whose family has been in bondage for five generations. Bhiuyan's debt began 40 years ago on his wedding day. To pay for the occasion, his father "mortgaged" his son for \$50. Now in his 60s, Bhiuyan remains unable to pay back the money.

The United States—despite its supposed affluence and its official human-rights policy—has not succeeded in eliminating slavlike conditions from its shores. Poor Americans and illegal aliens alike have found themselves inescapable victims. Richard Simmons, for one,



Theodore and Mildred Glaum held Nicki Moeller (center) against her will, selling the Alaskan girl's sexual services to almost 100 people. When authorities found her, she weighed only 88 pounds.



Gerald Gallego (the Sex Slave Killer) may have been involved in the murders of nine women and girls.

thought he had accepted a job unloading trucks for \$4.50 an hour. Instead he was taken to a migrant-workers camp in North Carolina where, under threats of physical abuse, he was kept as a slave. "No one ever beat me up or held a gun to my head," Simmons says. "But I saw other people beaten. I learned what to do to avoid trouble. I worked hard and said, 'Yes, sir; no sir,' all the time."

Simmons claims he worked every day of the week digging sweet potatoes, expecting to earn 25¢ for each of the 50 to 70 buckets he filled a day. But his recruiter, William Warren, deducted \$45 a week for food, \$1 for cigarettes, \$6 for wine,

plus other expenses. After three months, Simmons had been paid only \$40.

And then there are the slave masters. Texans Steven Crawford and Randall Craig Wagnor were convicted of buying Mexicans from a broker for \$50 each, forcing them at gunpoint to live in a tiny, unheated shack without windows or a toilet and making them work from dawn to dusk for little food and no pay.

A jury found the two guilty of conspiracy, transporting illegal aliens and forcing them into involuntary servitude. But U.S. District Judge William Steger imposed terms of only five years' probation and fines of \$1,000 each.

Another pair of real-life slave drivers who got caught are the Kozminskis, Michigan farmer Ike and his wife, Margaret. For 11 years they forbid two mentally retarded farmhands to leave their property or have contact with other persons. The trailer the Kozminskis provided for Robert Fulmer and Louis Molitoris was so filthy that the Washtenaw County Health Department condemned it as unfit for human habitation. When Fulmer's thumb was severed in an accident, Ike chose not to rush the farmhand to a hospital. The Kozminskis were convicted in February '85 of conspiracy to violate the farmhands' civil rights.

A Visit to a Slave Auction by David Nussbaum



Acting on a tip from a TV producer, investigative reporter David Nussbaum visited the Chateau de Roissy and filed this eye-opening report.

In posh Beverly Hills, California, is an unassuming apartment house. But within the walls of this building, known as the Chateau de Roissy, unspeakable horrors take place. I was given a tip by an NBC producer that human slave auctions were held there, and I decided to investigate. I acquired a false TRW credit report and sufficient cash to carry off my role as a potential investor in this slave quarters. Initial contact had been made by telephone to a "Sir James."

After explaining to him my intention of investing large sums of money supplied by a Middle Eastern source, he agreed to meet me at a Hollywood coffee shop. I had been expecting a heavy, but was surprised by a frail older man in a Greek-fisherman's cap and white-silk jacket.

I told him I was just representing the interest of the investor, whose name I wasn't permitted to divulge at that time. I showed him my credentials and two weeks later found myself entering the Chateau past a video camera that screens all visitors.

A thin man named Bobby sat at a desk in front, a wide black-leather collar fastened about his neck. To the left and behind him on the wall was a display of torture paraphernalia: whips, chains, cat-o'-nine-tails, paddles, nipple clamps. Sir James offered me coffee, then told Bobby to bring it. "Yes, Master," Bobby said. "Anything else, Master?"

Sir James asked if I would like to see the various dungeons. The Campbell Room boasted an elaborate table with two straps on either end—a rack similar to those used in the Inquisition. Shackles adorned the walls, where slaves could be chained and left hanging. The next room was actually called the Inquisition Room. I was startled to see a human being cowering in a steel cage, hands cuffed behind his back. An attractive girl was feeding the man like a dog.

We went upstairs to the lounge, a large room containing a wide-screen TV, a couch and several soft-cushioned chairs. Slaves sat around the floor, male and female, some partially dressed, others nude, but all with collars around their necks.

As Sir James walked among these submissives, he would occasionally reach out

and touch. "Do you like my lovelies?" he asked. I was duly impressed. He wanted to know if I was attracted to any of the slaves. When I pointed out an extremely pretty girl, about 5-2, with blond hair and a perfect body, he ordered her to my side.

James explained that this particular slave was what is known as a SAM (smart-assed-masochist) and had to be punished repeatedly to be kept in line. When I reached out to stroke her hair, she shivered. James explained the significance of the various collars, wristbands, rings, earrings and other items used to identify the slave/master relationship. While the slaves were in training, they were not allowed to go out in public without wearing wristcuffs locked together with a 12-inch chain.

"When a submissive is brought in for training," he said, "the first thing you do is take away all their rights and privileges—going to the bathroom, sleeping, eating, speaking, putting on makeup. She is whipped with a riding crop into submission if necessary."

Over a period of four weeks I managed to
(continued on page 107)



An inside peek at the Chateau. The Victorian Room (left) features a bondage cross, while the Inquisition Room (right) has a small cage, bondage post and other torture paraphernalia.

THE SLAVE TRADE (continued from page 39)

Perhaps the most insidious exploitation of children today is the increased trafficking in little sex slaves.

Recently a House subcommittee on labor standards heard lengthy testimony on failure by the federal government to satisfactorily investigate numerous reports of migrant workers being held in illegal bondage and peonage throughout the U.S. Abused workers cited long hours, terrible food, lack of heat in winter and lack of care, as well as the system itself, which permits them to become indebted to their employers.

Horace Taft, a laborer who was rescued from an American work camp, testified, "It was just horrible, the things I seen at those camps. I seen men beat with rubber hoses. I seen women beat. There was always someone guarding and watching you. You couldn't get away, because they were sitting there with guns."

Between October 1982 and June 1984 the FBI had a total of 224 involuntary-servitude and slavery cases on file, with that number growing constantly. By all accounts this figure reflects only the tip of the iceberg. Labor Department officials say that cracking down on offenders is hard because victims are often difficult to find and reports sometimes take sever-

al years to reach authorities.

Bad as the slavlike abuses in the United State are, however, they pale by comparison to those that take place behind the Iron Curtain. In the *Congressional Record* of November 29, 1982, Senator William Armstrong (R-Colorado) cites the USSR's "deplorable practice of forced labor in manufacturing and construction projects including the Siberian Gas Pipeline" as well as widespread abuse of prisoners, including political prisoners, women and children who are forced to work under conditions of extreme hardship—malnutrition, inadequate shelter and clothing, and severe discipline.

A detailed study by Avraham Shifrin, executive director of the Research Center for Prisons, Psychoprisons and Forced Labor Concentration Camps of the USSR, pinpoints eight Soviet "extermination camps... where work results in inevitable death from leukemia received at the extraction and processing of uranium" or "where the risk of getting an overdose of radioactive irradiation is very high and where prisoners quite often get leukemia as a result of work."

These camps, the report continues, "inevitably result in poisoning or such diseases as tuberculosis of the lungs, silicosis and loss of sight, etc., and are a result of work... polishing glass without any ventilation, splitting mica, painting with or pulverizing of acetone lacquers, etc...."

EXPLOITATION OF CHILDREN: An unexpected mouth to feed can spell disaster for a family that is already teetering on the brink. A new child requires food, attention and expensive medical treatment. And a youngster can prevent a healthy peasant woman from earning her keep. As a result, many destitute parents end up selling their offspring or placing them in exploitative work situations.

In 1981 the United Nations Economic and Social Council condemned the unscrupulous abuse of so-called child labor in many nations. Benjamin Whitaker, head of Britain's Minority Rights Group, cited numerous examples: young children in India working in unsafe firework and match factories, threatened with red-hot iron rods; a 12-year-old girl in Birmingham, England, who earned only \$9 for a 50-hour workweek; a small boy in the southern Italian town of Altamura who killed himself after his parents auctioned him off as a shepherd on the open market.

Iran under the Ayatollah Khomeini has fostered a particularly reprehensible type of child exploitation: the practice of using poor Persian boys, some as young as nine, to serve as cannon fodder in the war against Iraq. The children are presented with red armbands that signify willingness to die a martyr's death and plastic keys to unlock the door to paradise. After just two weeks of military training the kids are transported to the front line. There they are sent on hopeless human-wave attacks against fortified Iraqi defenses in order to draw fire so that regular Iranian soldiers can pinpoint enemy positions.

Perhaps the most insidious exploitation of children today is the increased trafficking in little sex slaves. Most of the demand centers around standard prostitution of young girls—which in the U.S. translates to runaways, desperate to survive on the streets, falling under the influence of procurers, or pimps. In 1982, police in Los Angeles arrested 4,000 prostitutes on Hollywood Boulevard. More than 1,800 of these hookers—at least 40%—were under 18. The \$200 or \$300 a day that many of the girls earned went directly into the pockets of their pimp masters, except for \$5 or \$10 set aside for living expenses.

"In 1978 one talked with prostitute minors from 15 to 17," observes Renee

JUNE HUSTLER



ALONG THE ROAD OF LIFE ...

YOU ARE NOW
ENTERING
ADULTHOOD
BEWARE OF THE
BULLSHIT



DAWAINE TINSLEY

THE SLAVE TRADE *(continued from page 40)*

The young girls' insides are torn to pieces. It's impossible to describe the repair jobs surgeons do.

Bridel of the International Association of Democratic Lawyers. "Now it is a majority of children from five to six years old (or even smaller) or from eight to 12. The little girls of that age are much more in demand and bring in more money than their older friends."

A surgeon who has treated the childhood victims of prostitution, some of them mere tots, has this to say:

"It's absolutely frightening what's going on. The wards and private rooms are filled with young girls... their insides are torn to pieces. It's impossible to describe the repair jobs we do."

In the Third World, child prostitution is more a matter of economics. Some children are sold by their desperately poor families to procurers; others—by virtue of money or force—are removed from squalid refugee camps only to end up in urban "easy-money centers" like Bangkok, Paris, New York or Los Angeles. Still others are channeled into exotic prostitution rings, such as the gay one with links across the U.S. that provides foreign-intelligence services with information about the sexual preferences of its clients.

WHITE SLAVERY: If the immensely lucrative illicit traffic in children is "invisible" to the public, the traffic in women throughout the world is even more so. Consider the following examples:

- Nepalese girls, prized by Indians for their short stature, fair complexions and eagerness to please, are sold for \$400 to \$800 to steamy brothels in Bombay and New Delhi, where they are expected to service seven to ten males each night.

- Women in Honduras are routinely kidnapped and sold to brothels for \$100 to \$400; other prostitutes are trapped in a credit system that binds them indefinitely to their owners. "To one degree or another most of the women in the red-light district are owned," said the operator of a Comayagua bordello. The women, who service many GIs, are heavily guarded so they cannot escape.

- Women in South American dictatorships who are suspected of having "subversive" affiliations have been routinely rounded up and raped by as many as 27 military goons at a time—and sometimes by trained boxer dogs.

- Gangs of marauding thugs in main-

land China have kidnapped hundreds of pretty maidens from rural areas, raped them, then sold them to bachelors who are unable to find women of their own.

Interpol has pinpointed a number of key trafficking networks on the basis of information received from 69 countries. One flows from Latin America to Puerto Rico and beyond to Southern Europe and the Middle East; another goes from Southeast Asia to the Middle East and Central and Northern Europe; there's a network supplying some of the richer countries in West Africa from Europe; a regional market exists in the Arab countries; and finally, there's the American market, bringing California girls to Japan.

The Japanese connection is thriving today thanks to slick underworld promoters there who lure aspiring young female entertainers to the Land of the Rising Sun with promises of work as singers and dancers. The girls are presented with plane tickets (usually oneway). But instead of performing in cabarets, they often end up in sordid bordellos, forced to turn tricks or starve.

Renee Bellew had a contract to do four shows a night at the New Capsule Club in Tokyo. But once she got there, the operator ordered her to sing just one song, then spend the rest of the evening as a hostess. "This man came up and put his hands all over my body in places where strangers don't put their hands," she says. "And he let me know in no uncertain terms what it was he wanted."

Another young woman, Carla Winters, came to Japan for the same reason, but the club operator to whom she reported told her that instead of singing, she was expected to dance nude.

Thousands of women have shared similar experiences. "Many Japanese men seem to prefer girls from California, particularly blondes," notes one observer. "They consider them prime cuts of beef."

Unable to afford "premium quality" American girls, many Japanese men settle for highly popular sex tours to neighboring South Korea. That country has no social security or public health insurance. "When a person loses her job or becomes ill, the whole family faces the spectre of literal starvation," observes Japanese writer Yayori Matsui. "Under these circumstances some women are forced to sell their bodies just to stay alive." There are said to be more than 8,000 of these *kisaeng*, as they are called.

And business is thriving. Up to 2,000 Japanese males per day are enticed by travel-agency ads to visit the "man's paradise." Japanese firms often reward branch managers with all-expenses-paid trips to Korean brothels. Chartered tours

(continued on page 96)

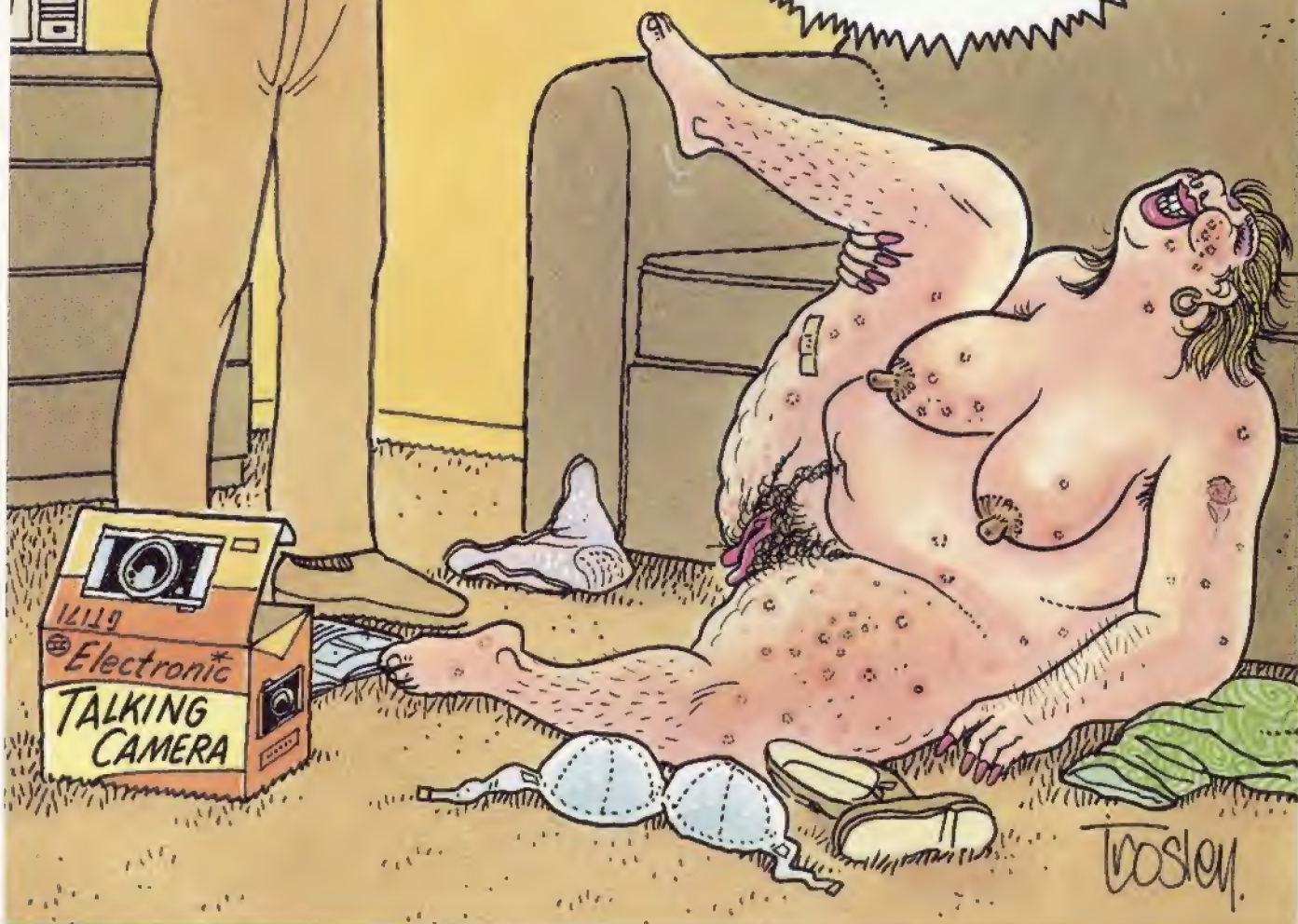


"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned!"

TOO CLOSE -
SET FOCUS...

TOO DARK -
USE FLASH...

TOO GROSS -
GET BETTER
LOOKING GIRL...



Tish & Jasae

A LOVE IN BLOOM



Photography by Matti Klatt















The Private World of **PAUL McCARTNEY**

Exposé by Jo-Jo Laine

Cocaine . . . cocaine running around the brain. Everyone seemed to be floating on air. The conversation was speeding along at twice the normal lick.

It was the event of the year. Eric Clapton had married Pattie Boyd at long last, and the wedding reception was being held at his rambling country house at



Illustration by Lonnie Busch



The lambs and sheep would come into the kitchen, make a mess on the floor, and Paul and Linda would just laugh.

Ewhurst in Surrey. Denny Laine and I arrived not long after Paul and Linda McCartney. Mick Jagger, George Harrison, Ringo Starr and Ginger Baker were also there.

No one was silly enough to be *seen* snorting coke. There were too many people. But there was a constant procession of guests getting high in the men's and ladies' rooms.

You could hear the heavy snorts from behind the locked doors. But then I was no angel either. Both Denny and I have done our share of drug-taking. It is the norm in the music trade. Just about everyone takes cocaine. The party, fueled by a constant supply of coke and grass, went on for a day and a half.

The highlight of the festivities was when all the musicians were up onstage jamming together. The only Beatle missing was John Lennon. And Mick Jagger took his place. God only knows how the music sounded. I was onstage too. Ringo Starr, an old friend of mine from the New York days, dragged me up with him.

It was a magical moment. The Beatles were almost together again. The stage

was heaving with people singing, playing instruments and freaking out. Paul was doing the old Beatles hit "Get Back."

Clapton was busy getting drunk. He had recently come off heroin and was completely clean, but he'd taken up vodka with all the gusto he'd previously devoted to smack.

Paul and Linda are only occasional users of cocaine. Their habit is smoking dope. Linda has become so blasé about it, she thinks she can get away with more than anybody else because her name is McCartney. Denny was in Japan with Wings in 1971 when Paul was busted by Japanese customs. Linda was responsible. She had nearly half a pound of grass in her makeup bag. It was laying right on top of her suitcase.

When the Japanese opened up her bags, Paul took the rap and said it was his. All the roadies and Denny swore that Paul knew nothing about it. Paul was furious with Linda. The look he gave her should have knocked her to the ground. He spent ten days in jail.

As a result, the Japanese decided to cancel the tour. That was all right for the

McCartneys. Denny didn't get paid, nor did any of the other musicians who had given up work to play with Wings.

Linda used to get paranoid when she was down to her last three ounces of smoke. That's why she took supplies with her to Japan. It's usually the roadies who carry a band's drugs. But Linda thought she was above the law. They also got busted the next year on their European tour in Gothenberg, Sweden, for possession of cannabis. Linda was responsible again.

One day when we were flying over America, she asked if I had any coke. The pair of us went into a lavatory and had a few lines. She was chummy that day, then cut me the next.

While Linda is lavish about dope-smoking, she is far from free and easy about the rest of her life. She is terrified of Paul's being out of her sight for more than ten minutes. She imagines some chick will pounce on him, and he'll be gone for good. Yet Paul doesn't seem interested in sex. He hardly ever looks at other women. If we were all in a pub having a drink, Linda would walk Paul to the loo, wait for him to come out and then walk him back to his seat.

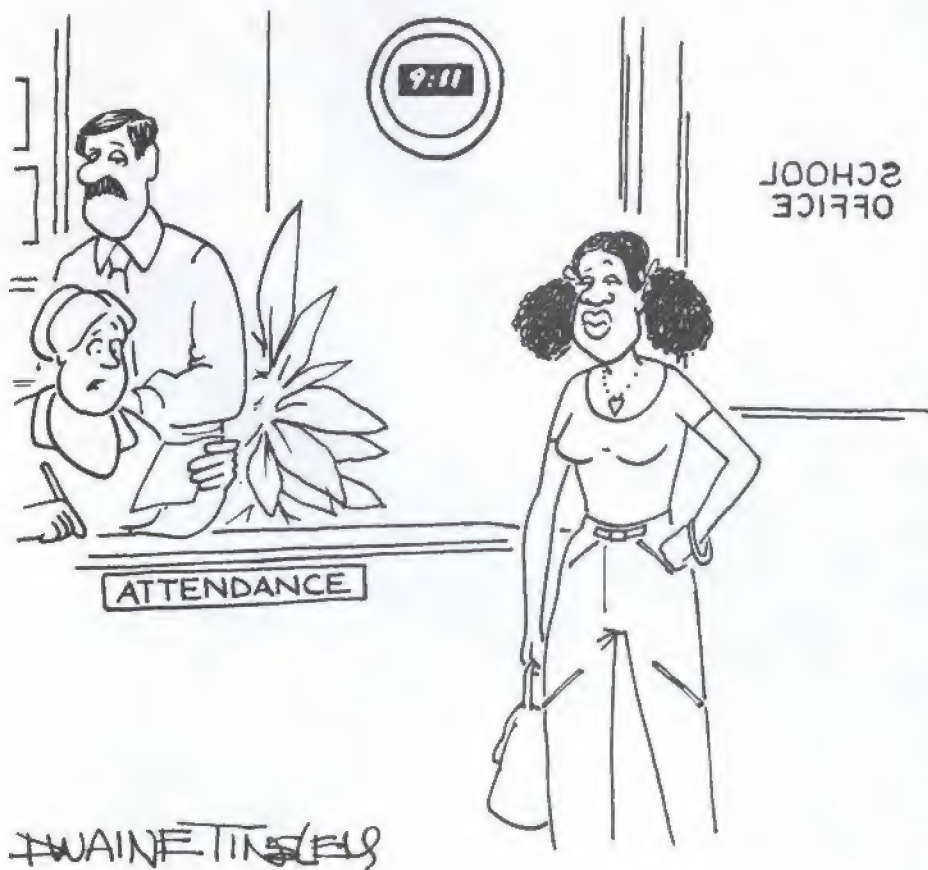
Linda is madly possessive and is terrified of groupies. When the McCartney band is on the road, Linda keeps the girls away. I first met Denny in Cannes while Wings was touring the south of France, and Linda did her best to convince him to get rid of me.

Denny Laine and I fell in lust at first sight. I was at a couple of gigs and met him afterward. He then asked me to come along on the open-topped London bus they were touring in. It was great fun.

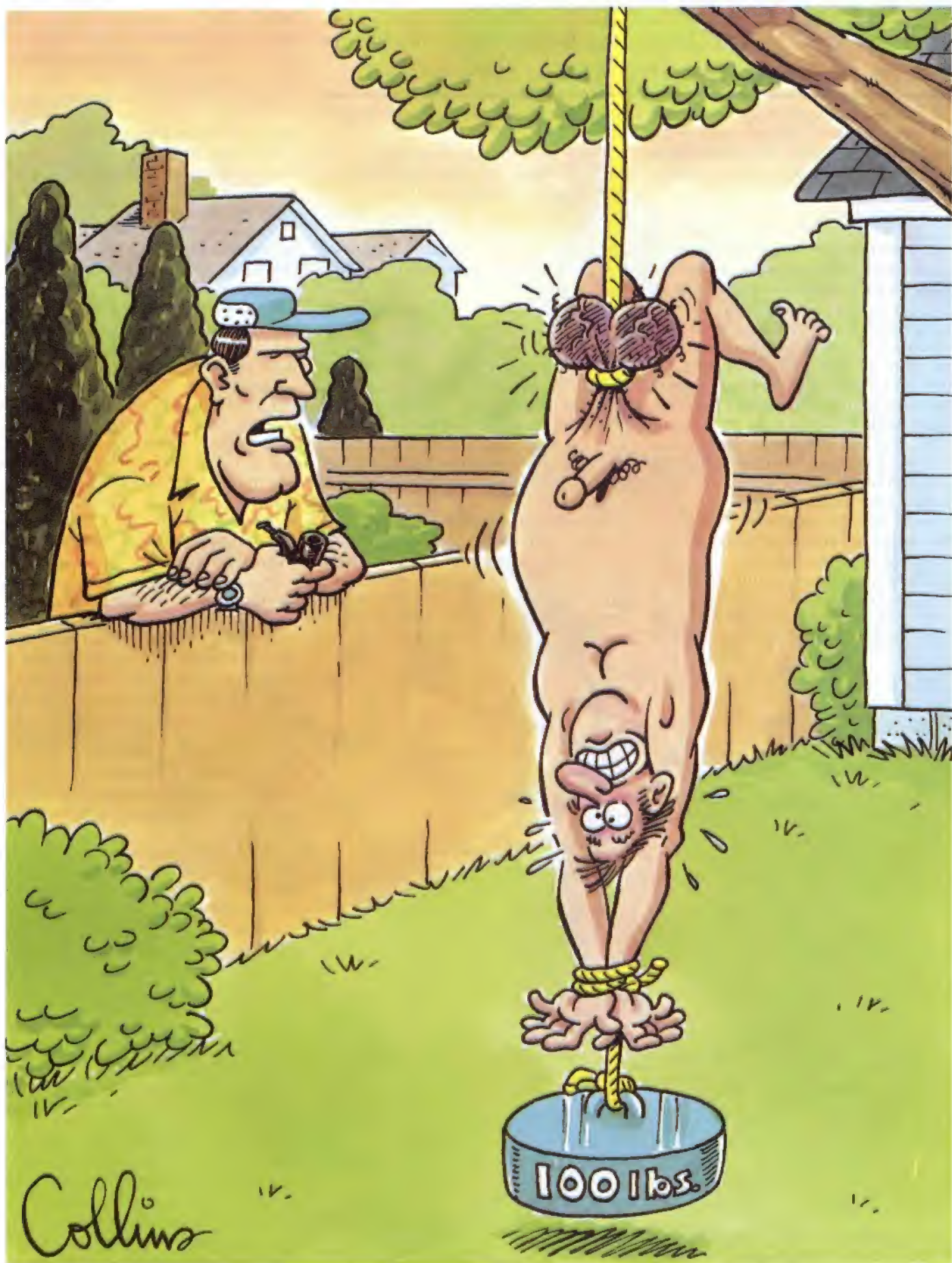
Linda kept telling Denny that I was after Paul every second that Denny wasn't around. She couldn't bear it when she discovered Denny wanted me to stay. She didn't like having any girls near Paul. The wives of the other guys later told me she was the same with them: paranoid. They'd learned to live with it.

Linda was a groupie just like other Beatles fans when she first met Paul. She was the resident photographer at the Fillmore East theater in New York, where all the big bands used to play. Yet she had the nerve to call me a groupie when I'd been a top model and singer. Linda was always there. After every concert she was backstage hiding behind a camera. She's so paranoid about me and other girls because it takes a groupie to know one.

Before Linda married Paul, she said—and I've heard this from several people—she was going to marry one of the Beatles. She was determined because her father had cut her off when she told him of her plans to be a photographer. So she assumes that all girls who go backstage are up to the same sort of thing.



"Please excuse Norella's lateness, as she had to turn a couple of extra tricks before coming to school. . . ."



"Guess your wife didn't buy that 'working late' story, huh, Fred?"

It seemed to me that the horses had better living conditions than the musicians. They certainly had more space.

Linda was no Virgin Mary herself. She was screwing a lot of musicians while she was at the Fillmore East. Everyone in New York knew that. So she was just being a hypocrite. I really hated her for that.

She made Denny feel like he was nothing. She always told him all I wanted was Paul, even though we'd had two children. I could have married Denny at any time after the kids were born. I took a lot of chances having his children and not being married. But I knew he loved me.

Linda managed to wriggle in with Paul just after he and Jane Asher split up. They had separated before but got back together again. This time Linda was there. Within five months of knowing Paul, she was pregnant, and he was trapped. I'm sure Paul must have been confused because he is very much a gentleman. Jane was a career girl.

Linda was the opposite: That's why Paul found her attractive. Linda got him overnight. Two months after they married, Linda was three months' pregnant.

Linda was also handy in helping Paul resolve his situation with Allen Klein and John Lennon because the Eastman fami-

ly includes some of America's biggest lawyers.

What I cannot understand is why Linda is so insecure. After all, the money is pouring into the bank at the rate of 22 million British pounds a year. When you're talking to her, she is so nervous. She twists her hair, scratching her face and head as if she were wound up tight like a spring.

I had only been with Denny a few months when we were summoned to the farm in Campbelltown, Scotland, to do some rehearsing. Linda was just learning to play the piano when the tour began. She was terrible. The band had to just stick along and wait for Linda to learn. Paul was determined to have her with him all the time. To give her credit, she frequently tried to get out of the band when she got hostile press.

Paul and Linda lived in one of the small cottages with their children. The band had to stay in small shacks with stone floors, no heating and bugs everywhere. These buildings had previously been used only for animals. They had just been swept out. I didn't like it at all.

We'd be sitting in the kitchen, and the baby would be crawling on the stone floor. The lambs and sheep would come into the kitchen, make a mess on the floor, and Paul and Linda would just laugh. Their baby would be crawling in it.

I couldn't understand why they didn't do the place up. Henry McCullough, his wife, Sheila, Dennis Symon and Monique were staying with the roadies in a little derelict, damp house. Everyone got uptight and uneasy.

We had an old-fashioned bathtub, and we had to wait for the water to heat before we could fill it using pots and pans. I was eight months' pregnant at the time. I was never offered a wash or a bath in Paul and Linda's place.

I told Denny I couldn't live under those conditions; so we hired a trailer and parked it on the farm. Not long after that our son, Laine, was born. It was early one morning after a big barbecue on the farm. I didn't have any baby things with me; so Denny had to rush back to London to collect all the stuff.

I was on my own in the local hospital. I expected I'd see Linda. It was only two miles away. Paul and Linda had no friends in Scotland.

But no one came to the hospital. Heather, Linda's daughter from her first marriage, sent a hand-drawn card. That was it. We'd all been together on the farm the night before, supposedly friends. I'd been with them a year. Then no one. It made me wonder what kind of ruthless monsters the McCartneys were.

The other musicians went on living in the shacks. From time to time we would all get invited to dinner by Linda. We would be crowded in this little kitchen. Linda was a vegetarian; so that would be the menu.

All the McCartneys were strict vegetarians. Linda saw to that. But when Paul was away from her recording backing tracks, he'd sneak off for a hamburger.

Linda has always been a marvelous cook. The only trouble was she seemed to think we all had appetites like mice. You'd have to stand in line cafeteria-style for your food. The portions were so small, Denny and I would have to have a meal when we got back to our trailer.

Linda would say, "Help yourself." But if you did help yourself, you might get your fingers jammed in the fridge door as she slammed it on you. She came into my caravan one day and helped herself from my refrigerator. She didn't ask. I felt like strangling her, but I had to put up with it for Denny. On another occasion one of her tame sheep came into the trailer and peed on my quilt and sleeping bag. Linda thought it was funny. I was furious.

The McCartneys are early birds, always up in the morning. They're not lazy when





"You forget that I'm a woman too, Verna. I know a fake orgasm when I see one!"

The McCartneys were ruthless. I was a threat because I kept saying, "Get your deal with Paul down on paper."

it comes to farming and the animals. Paul plants seeds and grows all their vegetables. If you took away their selfishness and looked at them as people, family people, they're great with their children. They are very strict. On the other hand, the kids always wear odd socks with holes in them.

Linda was so hung up about nature, she didn't like killing anything. She saw me with fly spray one day and told me off for spraying the flies. She was so attached to her horses, you'd smell them on her. She'd still be wearing the same stinky riding boots two days later.

You can't imagine the amount of anger that was pent up all the years I had to be subservient to Linda. From the moment you put your foot on that farm, you felt you had to act a certain way. We were supposed to be grateful for being there. It was an honor to be allowed in the presence of the great McCartneys.

I've never known a bigger slob than Linda. In the kitchen they had one small cupboard in which they kept both pots and food. They could have done the outside shacks up into beautiful places. They

could have built a palace, but for years they left it the way they bought it. Finally, they painted the shacks white.

The McCartneys had four children in two small bedrooms. There were never any toys around except stuffed animals. Sometimes the kids looked like orphans. All that money; yet Linda never bothered about their clothes or her own.

They have a housekeeper called Rose. She helps with the children and goes everywhere with them. They have always taken the whole family on tour. That didn't apply to Denny Laine and his family.

The McCartneys have a big house in Cavendish Close, St. John's Wood. For years the fans have painted on the outside walls, "We hate Linda Eastman." That place is their showpiece. Linda had it painted red, white and blue. Paul has a few Picassos, lithographs and first editions of modern furniture.

Even in that house they behaved as if they were on the farm. They kept rare, expensive chickens in the garden. God knows what the rather snooty St. John's Wood neighbors must have said about

hens squawking and a cock crowing in the chicken runs and coops in the garden.

They have about four dogs, which they take everywhere. All of their houses have that earthy, slightly unpleasant smell of dogs. And the sofas are covered with dog hair. One day when I was over at the house in St. John's Wood, they even had the horses with them, en route from Scotland to their place in Rye. The dogs got loose at night and ate all the rare chickens—thousands of pounds worth of them. Linda had hysterics. I couldn't keep a straight face.

Linda has an Appaloosa named Lucky Spot. The whole family rides constantly. It seemed to me that the horses had better living conditions than the musicians. They certainly had more space.

When the McCartneys aren't riding, they're in their new Rolls. Linda has a little customized purple Mini for her own use. She had a special stereo installed so that if she feels like recording a song while she's driving, she can just sing into the overhead mike.

Linda has had only one girlfriend. That was the actress/model Twiggy. But she and Paul live totally in each other's pockets. Only once in all the years I was on the Wings scene—and that was about eight years—were Paul and Linda ever separated for long. Linda came to our house in Laleham when she and Paul had a big row. She stayed about six hours. She wanted to stay at home and mind the children. Paul said, "No, they are all coming on tour with both of us."

In Venice once the McCartneys were staying at the Hotel Danielle. It was Linda's birthday, and a big party was planned. I still had to live with her; so I bought her a big horse's head in heavy smoked glass. She was delighted with it.

At the party there were masses of orchids and other beautiful flowers from friends and admirers. As we were leaving the room, I snapped an orchid off a bouquet and put it in my hair. Even Linda hugged me, saying goodbye. The following day Paul came up to me and said, "Linda wants you to apologize because you took one of her flowers."

I looked at him and said, "Are you kidding or something?" I just refused to do it. We were all leaving the hotel the following morning, and the flowers were going to have to be left behind. Denny and I had a big row about it.

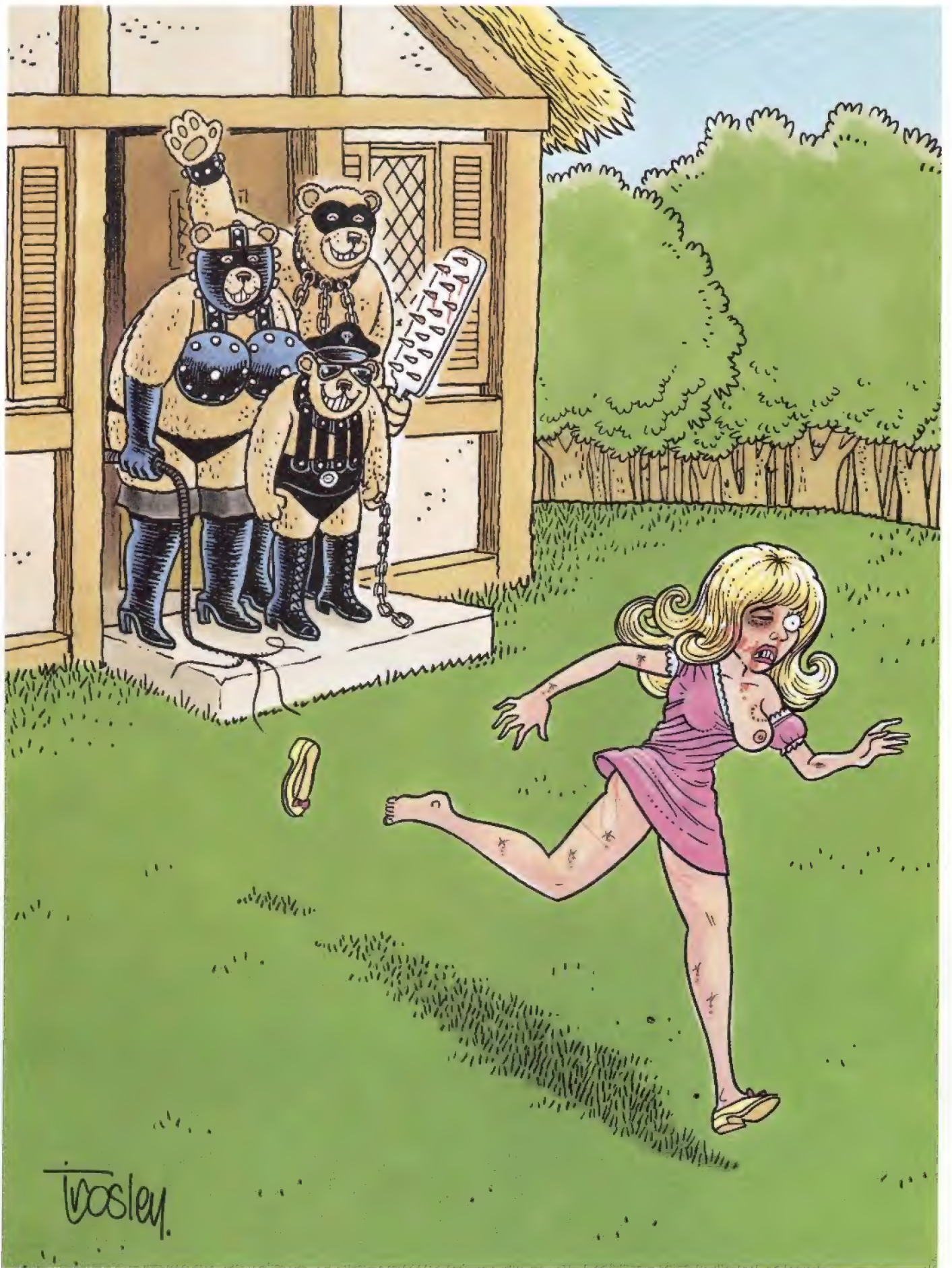
Another time, Linda just handed me a bunch of flowers and said, "Here. Put these in a vase." No *please* or *thank you*. I did want her to understand that I had no intention of being a little slave to her. So I plonked them in a sink.

Even Paul's father and stepmother got the benefit of Linda's meanness and lack

(continued on page 130)



"You give great skull!"



Twosley.

Helga

Lust
in the
Twilight
Years

When lusty and busty Helga showed up at our offices, we couldn't believe our eyes. Old enough to be a grandmother—although she wouldn't say just *how* old—she still has the gorgeous bod of a girl half her age. And would you believe? When she was growing up in Switzerland, this German-born Honey thought of becoming a nun. "In boarding school," she confesses with a wicked gleam in her eyes, "the priest would ask if he could carry my books. Then he'd ask me to reach into his pocket and get his keys. That was my first introduction to sex, but lucky for me" (and everyone else) "it wasn't my last."

Helga likes her men tall, dark, handsome . . . and young. And when she's not singing or acting, she dreams of being seduced by four guys with mustaches and a sense of humor. Helga's living proof that the aging process ain't all it's cracked up to be.





Photography by Clive McLean















*Sex is the fountain
of youth.
Helga*





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HUSTLER HUMOR



The nursery in a hospital maternity ward was becoming so overcrowded with babies, the nurses had to put two infants of different sexes in the same crib. During the night the baby girl woke up, saw her crib-mate and screamed, "Rape! Rape!"

The baby boy rolled over and said, "Aw, shut up. You're lying on your pacifier!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *gang-bang* as: an inner-city debutante ball.

Bill was drinking a Coke while touring a Texas military base. Since he couldn't take the drink inside one of the buildings, he set it down on a shelf outside. It was a very hot day, and after he came out again, he gulped the soda down. Then he noticed that it tasted strange. On the shelf above the one on which he had set his Coke were several cans labeled "Missile Fuel." One of them was leaking, and Bill realized that it had dripped into his soda. Frightened, he went to a doctor.

The physician said, "I don't think it will do any harm, but if anything strange happens, call me."

At 1 a.m. the doctor's phone rang. It was Bill, and he said, "Hey, Doc, I farted."

"Are you crazy?!" the sawbones shouted. "You woke me up to tell me that?"

"But, Doc," Bill explained, "you don't understand. I'm in Flagstaff, Arizona."

Question: Did you hear about the skinny, scrawny pervert who went to Alaska?

Answer: He came back a husky fucker.

A black pimp was walking down a street in Macon, Georgia, with his pet alligator on a long leash. Every luncheonette he passed had a sign in the window that read, "We Don't Serve Niggers Here." When he finally spotted a cafe with no notice in the window, he took the alligator inside.

"Yo, man, do you serve niggers here?" the pimp asked the manager.

"Yes, sir!" the manager answered him.

"Good," the pimp said. "Then get me a cheeseburger! And bring a nigger for my 'gator!"

An 18-year-old boy was drinking in a bar. "I want to learn all about women," he said to an older man sitting next to him. "What do you call that little magic button in a woman's slit?"

"A clitoris," the man replied.

"And what's the brown part around the nipples?"

"That's the areola."

"Wow!" exclaimed the youth. "How about that smooth skin between a woman's cunt and her asshole?"

The older man thought for a moment, then answered, "I don't recall the scientific name. But around these parts most of the fellas call it a chin rest!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *incest* as: rolling your own.

An old man was sent to a hospital after being mugged. When a shapely young nurse came into his room, he lamented, "Life is like being a corn cob."

"How is that?" she asked.

"When you're young," the old man replied, "you feel the touch of moist lips. But when you're old, people wipe their asses on you."

Sister Louise, a novice nun, was permitted to say only two words a year. And those two words were to answer a question asked by the head of the convent.

After the first year the Mother Superior asked her, "How do you like it here, Sister?"

"Bad food," was the novice's reply.

At the end of her second year the Mother Superior asked, "How do you like it here, Sister?"

"Poor company," Sister Louise answered.

After the third year the Mother Superior again questioned the novice; this time she replied, "I quit."

"I'm not surprised," said the Mother Superior. "You've been here three years now, Sister, and all you've done is bitch, bitch, bitch!"

Walking along the railroad tracks, a wino saw a pair of legs on the ground. "Those look like Charlie's legs," he said to himself. He walked a little farther and saw a pair of arms. "Those look like Charlie's arms," he muttered. The wino continued on his way until he saw a head on the ground. "Dammit, Charlie," he exclaimed at last. "Are you hurt?"

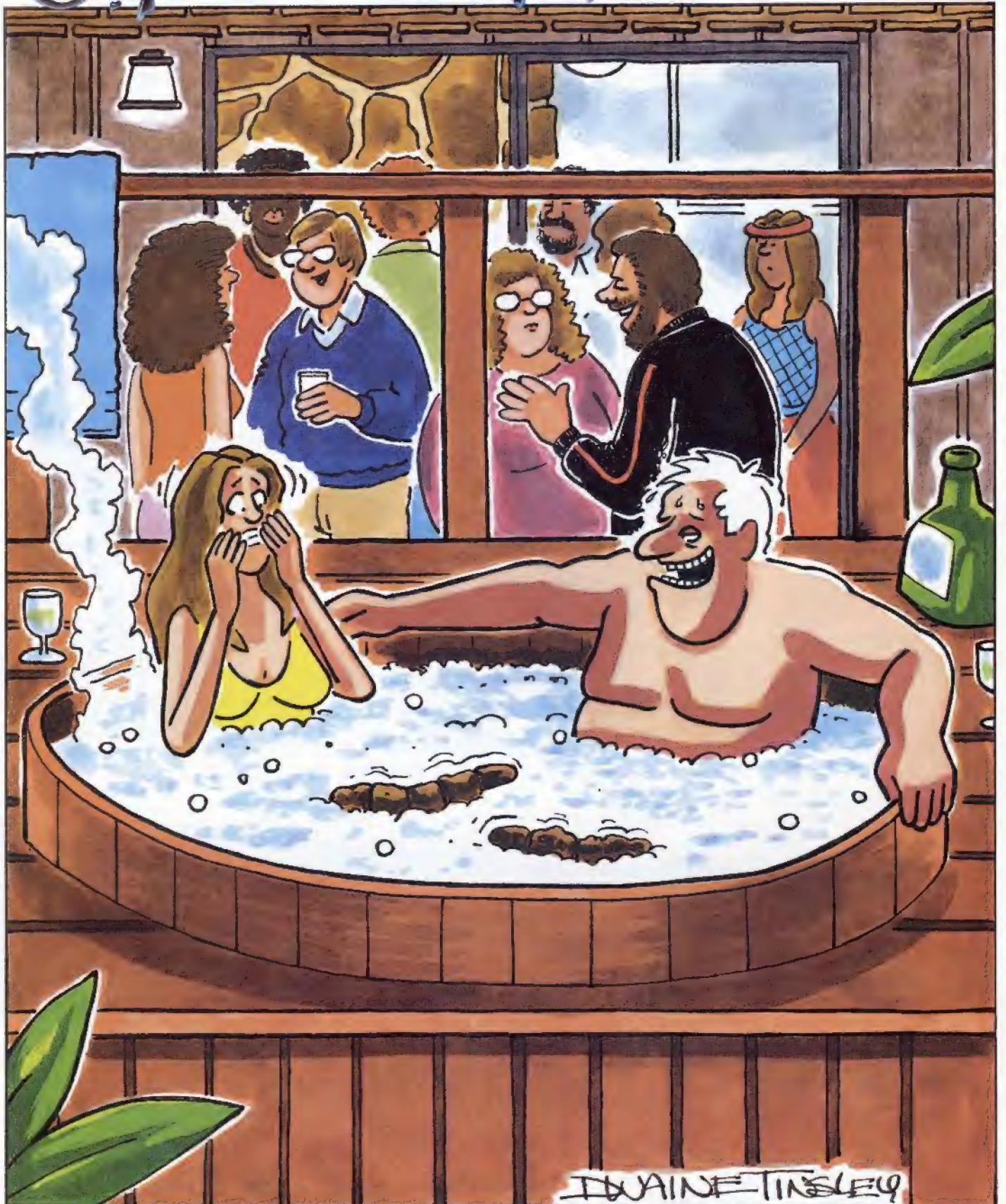
Mrs. Miller found her son in the bathroom vigorously scrubbing his penis with a toothbrush and toothpaste. "What are you doing?" she asked angrily.

"Don't try to stop me," the youngster warned. "I'm going to do this three times a day. I'm not going to get a cavity that smells as bad as my sister's."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



Ghester the MÖLester



DWAIN TINSLEY

"How about you? I'm so relaxed, my butt-hole just gave out!"

MEET



INGS

Just being in the office felt good, Harry thought. It had felt good the minute he'd seen the three-story steel-and-glass offices of the Goodwyn Agency. Big Time. At last. The warm Beverly Hills sun beating down on him, Harry brushed a hand through his thick golden hair. January in L.A. He laughed inwardly at all

**Fiction by
J. Bradford Olesker**



Illustration by Wil Cormier

Harry walked to the fireplace and looked at the .38 laying on the mantle. "Strange place for a gun."

those suckers back in Chicago.

The secretary opened the door and led him into the legendary Walter Plotkin's office. How many clients of his had won Oscars—20, 30? He was Glittertown's super-agent. Nervously, Harry rubbed his thumbnail against his forefinger.

"Hullo, Harry," Plotkin said, rising from his chair. "Good to finally see your face after all this time." The agent led his visitor to that part of the office where a couch, overstuffed chairs and cocktail table exclaimed that casual conversation took place. "Sit, sit," he said. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Plotkin."

"Forget the Mister. Nobody out here is ever a Mister. You got to forget everything you did back in Chicago, hear?"

Harry nodded.

"Good you left Chicago, believe me. Fine if all you wanted to do was write novels. But you want to get into film or TV, you got to be out here."

"That's what Doug told me."

"Doug's a fine agent... for books. How much you made from the books you

got published? Fifty, 60 grand overall?"

"My books have done pretty—"

"How'd you like to make a quarter of a million this year? You can make that on one big screenplay. And if the film actually gets made, you can be made for years."

"I like *Carpet of Heaven*, Harry. I think it'll sell." The agent set his cigar down, folded his stubby hands and said, "Now, here's what we're going to do. You get settled in your apartment this week, and I'll start setting up some meetings for you. Metro, Fox, maybe Columbia. We don't want to waste time."

"Right."

"So you'll take some meetings, pitch *Carpet* and see what happens. Okay?"

* * *

She was attractive in a way that wasn't really pretty. The girl had wonderful hair, he thought when he first caught her staring at him in the bar at Carlos 'n Charlie's. "Vicki," she answered when he asked her name. Then she smiled. "How long have you been out here?"

"Not long," Harry answered. "It shows?"

"Yeah. But you'll get over it." She downed the last of her gin fizz and asked, "Wanna get out of here?"

Harry nodded.

Out on the Sunset Strip, the top of his white Fiat down, the balmy breeze of the boulevard swept over them.

"A writer, huh? I knew a guy who wrote for *Quincy* once."

"Really?"

"Or maybe his name was Quincy and he wrote for *Magnum P.I.* I can't remember." Vicki looked up at the stars, oblivious to the traffic. "Where are we going?"

"I thought maybe your place."

Surprised, she looked at him. "Now you *do* sound like you're from out here."

"Hey, I didn't mean it that way. It's just that my place is a mess."

Standing in Vicki's living room, Harry took in the hardwood floor and a fireplace that offered refuge to a 19-inch TV. "Nice place," he said.

"Thanks."

Then he walked to the fireplace and looked at the .38 laying on the mantle. "Strange place for a gun."

"If I walk in and there's a nut in here, I'm not going to have time to get to a nightstand drawer in the bedroom."

"Makes sense." He watched as she crossed the room, then wrapped her arms around him. Her lips were soft, and they separated as she kissed him so her tongue could snake out in search of his.

He could feel the warmth of her pelvis as it ground against him, and he responded in kind. When at last she released him, she took Harry by the hand and led him to the bedroom.

It was dark, but it didn't matter. Before long they were naked, and she was lying on the bed, her high, firm breasts pointing up toward him, begging to be sucked. He lowered himself to her slender body, his tongue making wet circles around each nipple while his hand laced through her pubic hair. She was very wet.

She grabbed hold of his cock and guided it to her moist pussy, and Harry felt her hips rise up to him, felt her cunt grab and suck him inside. He shoved hard, feeling his prick plunge into the liquid cavern, hearing her cry out in delight.

At last he could stand it no longer, and Vicki must have sensed it because that was when she wiggled her finger into his rectum. His body tensed, then erupted, spewing steaming cum into her. Vicki pulled the finger from his asshole, her own body shaking in convulsions as she did, her scream echoing through the room to blend with his.

* * *

"I like the story, Walter. Sounds very commercial," Jesse Kramer said.

Sitting in an office that glowed with the warmth of architectural paneling and a



"If you want to be a third baseman, Billy, you've got to have quicker reflexes!"



"It's not a big party—just Leroy and a few of his friends from the building. . . ."

Vicki's face contorted in pain as she screamed, "Now, Harry! Shoot your cum in me!"

bay window that looked out onto L&R Studios, Harry felt as if he were in a dream world. He'd spent three minutes reciting the memorized synopsis of his screenplay, wondering why the production VP needed to hear it if, as Plotkin had said, he'd already read the script.

When he finished, it was as if Harry had vanished. The conversation was between agent and studio exec, and Harry became the ghost that screenwriters become when the deal is being talked.

Plotkin finally said, "So give it to Nicholson and let us know by Monday."

"We'll see," Kramer answered.

Harry watched with fascination as Plotkin bent slightly forward in his chair and placed a wrinkled, tan hand on the VP's desk. The agent's voice was barely a whisper as he said, "Jesse, I'm doing you a favor on this one. You've got it exclusive, but only until Monday. After that you know who it goes to."

Kramer held Plotkin's gaze for a long moment, and Harry worked as hard as he could at watching both men's eyes at the same time. Then he saw it. It was only for the briefest of moments, but it was there.

A flicker, a hurried triple beat of Jesse Kramer's eyelids. His eyes shooting back to Plotkin, Harry saw a faint hint of a smile play just at the corners of the agent's mouth. Plotkin stood. The meeting was over.

Outside, Harry exclaimed, "That was fantastic. Man, you had him!"

Glancing sidelong at him, the agent said, "You never 'have' a man like Jesse Kramer. There are just seconds, minutes if you're lucky, where you gain a slight advantage."

"He was shitting in there."

"Huh?"

"You threatened to send the script to 'you-know-who.' Who's you-know-who?"

"Who the hell knows?" Plotkin snapped. For some reason he felt slightly on edge. He searched for an explanation, found it and turned to Harry. "You always do that thing with your fingers?"

"What thing?"

The agent looked down at Harry's hands, brought his own up and rubbed his thumbnail along the edge of his forefinger in imitation. "This thing."

"Oh. It's a nervous habit."



"Ya touch my pecker, and I'll see ya in court, pervert!"

"Nervous habits are bad in meetings."

"Okay," Harry agreed. "I'll watch it."

Plotkin nodded, trying to relax. Then he said, "Let's move, Harry. I got to be at Universal by 2:30."

It was going to be perfect, Harry told himself as he drove to his apartment in West Hollywood. For the first time he dared to think things were going to work out the way he'd hoped they would.

How much would they offer? Harry wondered. Six figures. That was for sure.

He pulled the Fiat to the curb and jumped out, leaving the top down. Five minutes was all it would take. Just long enough to peel out of the sport coat and slacks and slip into some jeans so he could go to the supermarket.

Actually, it took almost ten minutes. When he stepped from the apartment he'd rented two weeks before, Harry was whistling to himself. He stopped whistling as he realized the Fiat was gone.

* * *

Harry listened as the last of nine quarters registered in the pay phone. "Thank you," the automated voice responded.

"Dickerson's Fiat. May I help you?"

"Uh, Mr. Dickerson, please."

A second later the nasally Chicago voice echoed through the line. "Yeah. Hal Dickerson."

"Hey, this is Harry Suddle—"

"Harry, how's California?"

"Don't give me that shit, Dickerson. I want my car."

"And I want my three months' worth of payments."

"Look, you can't—"

"Kid," the dealer interrupted, "from the sound of your voice I just did."

* * *

"These things take time," Plotkin said.

"Is something wrong?" Harry asked.

"Wrong? What could be wrong?"

"Well, it's past Monday, and Kramer hasn't—"

"The world ends tomorrow or what?"

"No. Just that you told him we had to hear by Monday, or you'd—"

"Or I'd send it to another studio. Right. I called him Monday morning and told him it wasn't on exclusive anymore." Plotkin smiled. "He was worried. But don't you be, Harry, all right? Let me agent. You . . . you write."


Plotkin tried to keep smiling, but it was difficult. The kid was scratching his finger with his thumbnail again.

* * *

Harry opened the door of his apartment and saw Vicki standing with a grocery bag in her arms. "What's that?" he asked, trying to shove her back out into the hallway.

"Groceries," she answered, pushing him back against the door.

"You can't leave them in here," Harry



I WOULDN'T
FUCK YOU IF
YOU WERE THE
LAST MAN ON EARTH!

THE
Rich Bitch
TALKING LOVE
DOLL

Collins

"I know that kind of cock," Vicki said. "I've had it before. You're mad about something."

said. "The fridge is on the fritz."

For a second, Harry tried to stop her from coming in, but she caught him off balance, and he stumbled backward, the door flying open behind him.

"These aren't for the fridge, Harry. I'm making us dinner tonight. I make the best lasagn—" The words caught in Vicki's throat as she looked past Harry into the apartment. "Hey, there's nothing in here!"

Harry cracked a nervous smile and shut the door. "Goddamned moving company. The driver quit on them in Denver, and the whole truck is sitting out there."

"Yeah, but you said the place was a mess and—"

"I know." He crossed the room, took the bag and put his arms around her. "I just didn't want you to think I was some kind of jerk."

* * *

Harry opened his eyes and looked down at Vicki lying on her back on the living-room floor. Her eyes were shut tight, her mouth open. He felt his cock slam into her sopping pussy, felt the cunt tighten, trying to hold him in. He pulled his prick al-

most all the way out and shoved it in again.

Vicki's hands clawed his back, her nails digging into the skin. Her hips arched up as he moved his right hand over her mound, flicking his fingers against her clit. He moved his hand up her belly, then savagely pinched her nipples. Her face contorted in pain as she screamed, "Now, Harry! Shoot your cum in me!"

It was all that he needed. He felt it rumble up the shaft of his cock, spurt out and fill her until it overflowed down her thighs. As he collapsed against her, Harry wondered if he'd ever fuck her again.

Finally, she asked, "What's bothering you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I know that kind of cock. I've had it before. You're mad about something."

"I'm mad at me. I'm having trouble adjusting."

"To L.A.?"

"Yeah. Crazy, isn't it?"

"Everyone has trouble at first. Anything specific?"

His voice took on a frantic tone as he blurted, "Agents, producers, scriptwrit-

ing, the whole studio setup, the—"

"Easy, easy."

Harry drew a deep breath before he continued. "When you write a novel, you just do it and send it to your agent and pray. A publisher either sends you an acceptance and a check, or a rejection and a form letter."

"Cut and dried."

He nodded. "Right. But with a screenplay there's all this other bullshit. Everyone has to analyze and pull it apart, and they get excited about it, but they don't want to commit to it. And you have to have all these meetings."

"Take."

"What?"

"Take meetings," Vicki said. "You don't *have* meetings; you *take* meetings."

"Yeah, bullshit like that. Who the hell ever heard of *taking* a fucking meeting?"

"It's the way it's done."

"Well, it's bullshit!" he shouted.

"You're shouting."

"Why can't they just make up their minds?" Harry slammed his fist down hard on the floor and cried, "They have to pick and pull everything apart until—"

"Harry, these people are investing millions in—"

"I don't want to hear that crap! I'm sick of it. You've got all of the explanations, but none of the answers."

Vicki stood and picked up her clothes. "Look, I think I'd better go."

"Fine," he said. "Why don't you get out of here."

Vicki heard him slam the bedroom door. Alone in the living room, she shook her head and started to get dressed.

* * *

"I'm sorry, kid. It happens."

Harry prayed the voice on the phone wasn't Walter Plotkin's. "But I thought Kramer wanted the script."

"So did I. Turns out they got something kind of like it. The lead's a soldier of fortune, and he—"

"What about Paramount? Did they—"

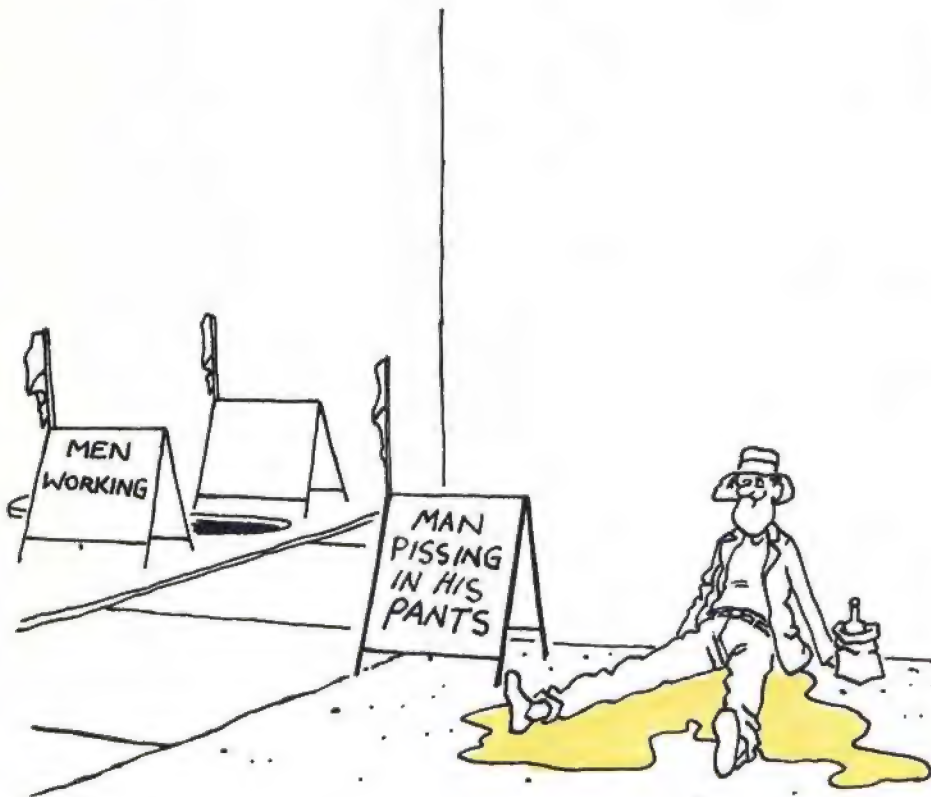
"Came back yesterday."

Harry's voice pitched higher as he said, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Plotkin dropped the forced cordiality. One could only carry understanding for a newcomer so far. "First of all, I couldn't call you, because you ain't got a phone, and second of all, I don't call writers every time they get a turndown. If I did, I'd be on the phone all day."

Harry closed his eyes against the pounding at his temples. When Plotkin spoke again, it was with a shade more tenderness. "Harry, my opinion is to forget about the project. We had four turndowns. You're a sharp writer. Don't sit with your thumb up your ass over this. Get going on another project."

(continued on page 86)



Twain Tinsley

Jesus Christ



THE REAL BOSS

And there came a voice from heaven saying, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased and in whom I endow all the talents to make Thee the hottest rock 'n' roll sensation this—or any other—world will ever behold."

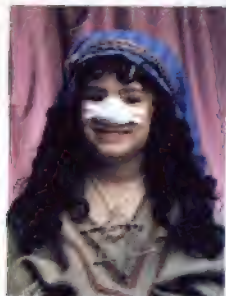
This prodigal pop star did not rise from the streets of Asbury Park, New Jersey. No. He sprang from the tiny village of Bethlehem long before there were record companies, concert halls and compact disc players. He had the voice of an angel, gentle hands that could pluck the sweetest tunes on any stringed instrument handed Him and a go-get-'em attitude that made man and beast alike sit up and take notice. For 2,000 years He has ruled the rock roost. He is Jesus Christ . . . and this is His story.

Concept and text by Lonn M. Friend. Production designed by Ralph Fowler and Ken DeMartines. Photography by Lodi von Jansky.

Even as a child, young J. C. (a nickname given to Him by His first manager, Luke of Capernaum) was a bit of a ham. His elementary-school classmates—including His first girlfriend, Bambi of Gethsemane—knew He was a born celebrity. And it was only a few short years until He landed a record deal with His first band, Jesus and the Apostles. More disciples than competent musicians, they were soon left behind by J. C.

BETHLEHEM
ELEMENTARY

2ND Grade



JESUS &
the APOSTLES

Virgin

With superstardom came a wave of promotional artifacts. Pictured here are just a smattering of the priceless collectibles that were sold at J. C. gigs around the globe. Before a benefit concert for starving masses in Jerusalem He told a gathering of marketing experts, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." After that pep talk you couldn't find a man, woman or child within a thousand miles who wasn't wearing a piece of J. C. paraphernalia.

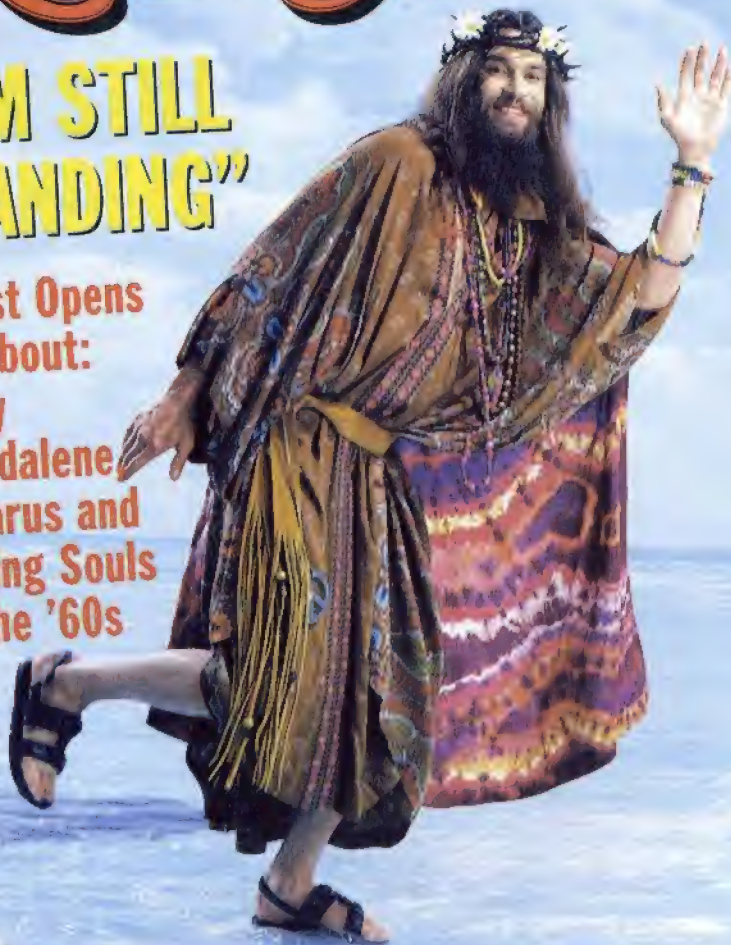


JUNE 8 - 22ND, 1968

Rolling Stone

"I'M STILL STANDING"

**Christ Opens
Up About:
Mary
Magdalene,
Lazarus and
Saving Souls
in the '60s**



Jesus took the peace- and-love generation by storm. His multiplatinum LPs, *Nazareth Skyline*, *Surrealistic Wafer* and *Deja Jew*, were vinyl sermons from which millions of young people drew strength and guidance. And a planet wept in wonder as He brought concert promoter Lazarus back to life after a fatal BCP overdose. The '60s, however, was also a time of scandal for Jesus. His misinterpreted quote to the press, "I'm bigger than the Beatles," shocked the world.



**HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN-
AIN'T STONED**

GET BLINDED BY THE LIGHT



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JESUS CHRIST

a candid conversation about walking the waves of success with the healing hitmaker who miraculously became rock 'n' roll's musical messiah

PLAYBOY: What was the rock scene like around Bethlehem back when you were getting started?

CHRIST: Depressing. All the good musicians were being bought up by the Romans, and that left practically no local talent. I played alone to audiences of two and three lepers on numerous occasions. Those were tough times.

PLAYBOY: But things began happening for you after that healing thing, right?

CHRIST: Yeah. I was trying out some new tunes on a small group of "homeless" outside Galilee when all of a sudden in the middle of the gig this crippled guy shouts out to me, "Make me walk, Jesus of Naza-

reth, and I'll buy your album." I did, and he did. The rest is history.

PLAYBOY: Weren't there some who tried to sabotage your career?

CHRIST: Sure. King Herod for one. When I heard he'd wasted my friend John the Baptist, I freaked. Ol' John was the best sound mixer around.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, what was your most memorable live performance?

CHRIST: Let me think. There have been several thousand. Oh, yeah. I'd have to say my first comeback show at the pyramids falls into the category of "divine." People are still wondering how in heaven's name we managed to feed 10,000 fans

from one concession stand.

PLAYBOY: During the '60s you had a lot of problems with the authorities. Do you still think you were busted and nailed on trumped-up charges?

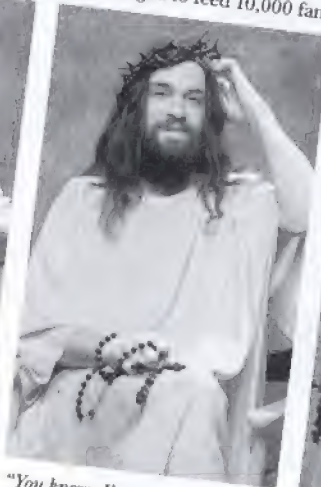
CHRIST: Everyone was being hassled back then—the Beatles, the Stones, Dylan . . . man, we were all just trying to play tunes and spread love. You know, I've never told anyone this, but I was the walrus.

PLAYBOY: And what does the "first" rock 'n' roller think of today's music?

CHRIST: I must say, I don't think modern artists take their craft very seriously. I remember when I carved my song lyrics on stone tablets. Now, that was rock!



"When I heard he'd (King Herod) wasted my friend John the Baptist, I freaked. Ol' John was the best sound mixer around."



"You know, I've never told anyone this, but I was the walrus."



"I remember when I carved my song lyrics on stone tablets. Now, that was rock!"

The media could never get enough of J. C. (right), always clamoring to know more and more about His phenomenal career. Even the great Elvis Presley stood in wonder of this gifted artist. The two are seen here in a rare photo taken backstage at the Las Vegas Hilton in August 1975 during the famous "King and I Tour," where Elvis opened for J. C.



*from one king to another
Luv Ya!
Elvis*

This last recorded photo of Jesus in concert, seen here flanked by backup singers the Pontius Sisters, was taken at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles just before His encore ascension. No one has seen or heard from J. C. since. Rumor has it, though, there's talk of a "Resurrection World Tour," but as yet no dates are scheduled. All we can do is wait. . . .



any thought that getting close to Presley changed Jesus. And for a while it appeared they were right. His Mr. C phase turned off millions. A member of the Temptations—a band that once shared the bill with the early Apostles—has said of Jesus, “He copped a holier-than-thou attitude and pissed a lot of people off.” One person not offended by J. C., however, was pop artist Andy Warhol, who designed the cover of His immortal *Let It Bleed* LP. Along with the album, record buyers got a sampling of the musical messiah’s blood. British rock critic Nigel Burnham called the concept “bloody brilliant.”



Plotkin saw the hand in Harry's pocket emerge with a .38, the forefinger around the trigger scratched raw.

When he got back to the apartment, Ada Sorrell was waiting for him in the hallway.

"Hi, Mrs. Sorrell," he said, digging for his key.

"I had the lock changed. That rent check you gave me bounced, Mr. Suddleson. You're out."

"The check bounced?" He smiled, knowing the woman could smell his desperation. "Just redeposit it. There's got to be some mix-up at the bank."

"Ain't no mix-up. My husband went down to First Interstate. You ain't got no money, and the bank's got a bunch of other checks you bounced."

"I want my clothes out," he said.

"Soon as I get my back rent."

"You no-good bitch!" he spat, advancing on her. "You let me in there or—"

"Or you'll what?" Arnie Sorrell said, throwing open the door of his apartment and stepping out into the hallway.

Harry spun to look at the man in the sleeveless T-shirt. A thick beard covered his cheeks; a tattoo of a raven adorned one muscled arm. It occurred to Harry that the man would like nothing better than to beat him senseless.

He turned and walked down the corridor, hearing Sorrell say to his wife, "I told you not to rent to no writers or actors, didn't I?"

* * *

Harry gazed down at her. Vicki stared up at him blankly. Lying on her bed, she looked peaceful, even prettier than the night he'd met her at Carlos 'n Charlie's. He strained not to lower his eyes to the bluish bruises on her neck. He was surprised at how willing she had been to forget their argument, how little she had struggled as death came.

Then he thought about the fireplace mantle, and he got up.

Ester, Walter Plotkin's secretary, had been alerted by the first-floor receptionist. She was accustomed to this distasteful business that occasionally occurred in the industry. A disgruntled writer or actor. Fragile egos and wounded pride. Just to be safe she checked with Plotkin.

"Tell him to call me next week."

Ester stood as she saw Harry walking down the corridor. "Hello, Mr. Suddleson," she said, coming out from behind her desk. "Mr. Plotkin isn't in, but he—"

The blow caught Ester full on the jaw, breaking it smartly. A cadre of secretaries let out a communal shriek as Harry stepped over her and thrust open the door of Plotkin's office. He walked in and slammed it behind him.

Recovering his senses, Plotkin started to rise. He stopped when he saw the hand in Harry's pocket emerge with Vicki's .38, the forefinger around the trigger scratched raw, red with blood.

Plotkin dropped back into his chair. "Take it easy, Harry. Just settle down, okay? I've been trying like hell to get you all day. Where have you been?"

"Bullshit."

"Kramer changed his mind."

"Bullshit."

"It's the truth, Harry."

At the far end of the office the pounding began on the door. Plotkin looked toward it, then back to Harry. "This is nuts, Harry! Over a fucking script?!"

"It's not over the script," Harry said, raising the gun. "It's over you and Kramer and . . . and the bullshit."

Plotkin watched in suspended horror as Harry Suddleson brought the gun up to his temple and pulled the trigger.

* * *

Later that afternoon a shaken Walter Plotkin called studio exec Jesse Kramer.

"The guy had to be insane, Walter. The papers are having a field day with this. Coroner said he had intercourse with the girl before *and* after he strangled her."

"I read," Plotkin said. "And there's more stuff turning up every hour. The guy was in debt up to his ears. He owed the IRS something like 40 grand."

"You were lucky to get out alive."

"I know. But, Jesse, the reason I called. I think we've got something here."

"Where?" the VP asked.

"This thing with Harry Suddleson. I mean, all the elements are there. A down-and-out kid with a last chance for fame and fortune comes to Hollywood with his screenplay. There's sex, power . . . I think it could be a helluva film, Jesse."

"Could be," Kramer nodded.

"What I want to do is put one of our writers on it and work up a synopsis."

"Okay. Sounds good to me."

"I'll put Jud Starner on it. How about a \$10,000 option?"

"For a synopsis?! Are you a comedian? I haven't even *seen* it yet."

"You *know* the story 'cause I just told it to you. Jesse, Jud won't fill in a crossword puzzle unless he's paid upfront."

"I don't know, Walter."

"I'll tell you what. Let me call Jud, see what he thinks and get back to you." After a beat, Plotkin said, "We can take a meeting tomorrow."

Satisfied they were on the right track, Kramer said, "Sounds good to me."



"A gold medal? Gee, I didn't even know the Olympics had a booger-flipping event!"



















THE SLAVE TRADE (continued from page 42)

Tales abound of young European beauties who are snared for service in Arab harems by unscrupulous promoters.

of two nights and three days cost no more than \$200—including the price of sex.

What Korea is to the Japanese man, Thailand is to the European. In Bangkok, its capital, some 700,000 girls are available for as little as \$10 per night. They are found everywhere, and they can be hired for any length of time the customer desires.

The Europeans take a backseat to no one when it comes to organizing sex tours. One operator offers a 12-day package trip, including round-trip air fare from Amsterdam to Bangkok, for \$1,350. A tour brochure that features many photos of naked young women, all numbered and captioned, reads:

"The 12 nights which you, Sir, will be my guest, I have special and tropical surprises for you. It is, for example, 11 p.m., and you would like to relax. You take the telephone and say, 'I want a girl.' Within five minutes I'll come with six beautiful girls (little SLAVES). You may choose one; the other little slaves I'll take back. With this little slave you can do practically everything in the field of sex the whole night, and you will not be disappointed

with the girl. She gives real Thai warmth."

Thai girls, much like those in Korea, enter the trade out of economic necessity—sold by their impoverished families or forced into it by ruthless procurers. Bangkok has so many hookers, so many massage parlors, so much of everything that has anything to do with sex that promotions which liken the city to a voyeur's paradise are dead on target.

The Thai government has consistently turned a blind eye to sex tourism simply because the industry is so lucrative. In 1981 tourist traffic doubled over the previous four years, bringing in more than \$220 million. Thailand is not alone in reaping this harvest of gold. In South Korea, tourism—much of it generated by sex tours—is estimated at nearly \$300 million. Sex tourism in the Philippines has translated into the fourth-largest source of foreign earnings for the nation of 7,000 islands. (See *Manila: Sodom of the Pacific*, HUSTLER, January '85.)

While sex tourism has become big business in the Far East, there's also a brisk trade in importing Asian women into Europe, particularly Germany. Although

the Bonn government employs a commendable secret slush fund to gain the release of political prisoners and others trapped in East Germany, West German smoothies continue to entice young beauties from Thailand and elsewhere with promises of work as entertainers. As with American girls who are lured to the Orient, those recruited end up doing most of the entertaining on their backs.

The girls are tricked by some of the biggest pimp rings in all of Europe. In fact, some as large as 80 have cornered the market in mainline German cities such as Dusseldorf, Frankfurt and Hamburg. Their underworld activities have branched out to virtually all other areas of crime, including murder, bank robbery and drug smuggling.

These gangland thugs often make the girls they bring to Germany virtual slaves. Wantana Indarasutr, a classically trained Thai dancer, came to Munich in 1981 after a German promoter allegedly had arranged a series of recitals for her. Instead, the promoter, Alexander Schmitt, forced her into a back room to service the clients who frequented his bar—for a profit (his) of \$25,000 per month. The black-haired beauty was eventually sold to some pimps in Vienna.

After being smuggled to a brothel in Belgium, she told her story to another Thai woman, who alerted Thai diplomatic officials. Police in Nuremberg and Berlin subsequently staged a series of raids that uncovered 21 Thai women who, like Wantana, had been relieved of their passports and forced into sexual slavery.

Wantana returned safely to Thailand in November 1981. But others who break the so-called law of silence are not always so lucky. Nadine, a waitress, fell into the hands of a gang of pimps in Grenoble, France, in 1980 after a procurer she had slept with kidnapped her child and refused to return the youngster unless she consented to hook for him. When she remained adamant, the pimps took her to a lumberyard after closing time and tied her to a crossbeam. Within three hours they had sold her to 60 men. When she continued to fight back, they strapped her to a tree, rammed a club up her vagina and kicked her until a vertebra in her spine cracked.

Girls in search of escape, adventure and big bucks the world over are often blind to such horror stories, and methods used to lure them into the trade involve nothing more than a kind word or two. This makes life easy and police-free for procurers at every level.

White slavery is probably most prevalent in the Middle East. Tales abound of young European beauties who are snared for service in Arab harems by unscrupulous promoters such as Michael Luchting.



"You're damn lucky you ain't had a blowout with tread like that. . . ."



"See that? It's free, and it works just as good as those expensive roach traps!"

THE SLAVE TRADE (continued from page 96)

Both at home and abroad, American women have found themselves shanghaied into sexual servitude.

"The Beautiful Mischa," as he was called, was a West German pretty boy who earned \$50,000 a month by wooing girls, then dispatching them to Morocco and other destinations in the Middle East before his imprisonment and eventual suicide at age 34. One 17-year-old English model spent months in the service of an oil sheikh only to see the gifts of gold she received in return confiscated by her agent.

There is also plenty of white slavery right in our own backyard. Theodore Glaum and his wife, Mildred, enslaved an 18-year-old Alaskan girl named Nickie Moeller, who came to California for a rock-music festival. The Glaums forced Moeller to have sex with up to 100 people during a nine-month period by nearly starving her.

Gerald Gallego, known as the "Sex Slave Killer," may have been involved in the murders of nine women and girls in three Western states since 1978. Gallego would kidnap a young girl, force her to have sex with him, then throw it up to his wife, Charlene, by announcing, "That's what you ought to be like, if you had any guts, if you had any heart."

Both at home and abroad, American women have found themselves shanghaied into sexual servitude. One case involved a 20-year-old San Francisco woman who was abducted, then injected with drugs in order to force her into prostitution. Robin Robie, another San Franciscan, got off a cruise ship in Turkey to shop with a friend and found herself being trailed through Istanbul's Grand Bazaar by a strange man and a teenage boy.

"They'd brushed by us several times, then slowed down in front of us, then got behind us," the pretty blond former travel agent observes. "Heidi was telling me about it when the pair rushed by again. The boy pushed his way between us. I felt a sudden shock in my leg as if someone had hit me with an electric wire."

"The pain shot through my upper thigh, and my left leg started going numb. At the same time a group of very nervous men seemed to be closing in on us, pushing, shouting, thrusting merchandise."

The young women were saved when they spotted the ship's photographer, who hustled them into a taxi. Robin passed out shortly after she got back to the vessel. She had been injected with a

tranquilizer. The next day some sailors who had been in a bar nearby reported seeing several blondes "all strung out on heroin and covered with needle marks." One of the spaced-out women was an American. All were prostitutes. The sailors understood the going rate for healthy young blondes to be \$500.

The enticement into the murky world of sex slavery is often much more subtle than kidnapping. Usually, girls fall victim after responding to ads for exciting, glamorous jobs overseas, such as one from an English newspaper that solicited young women, aged 18 to 25, "free to travel, and with neat appearance, lively personality." The job was selling English dictionaries and children's books in the Middle East, where hardly anyone speaks the language. One prim-and-proper British girl who had responded to such an ad was observed flying back from Kuwait, where she had completed a six-month contract. She received about \$100,000 for the work, which in her own words consisted of lying on her back, looking at the ceiling and thinking of home.

"Young white girls are very much sought after, particularly in the Middle East and Arab countries," says Millie Miller, a member of the British Parliament. "Once they get involved in drugs and prostitution, they definitely become slaves—there's no question of that."

"Some of these girls are nice, ordinary decent girls who start looking for an ordinary well-paid holiday job," Miller explains. "Some are English *au pairs* who answer innocent-looking family ads, then find themselves faced with some very uninnocent questions."

What, if anything, can be done?

"The fact that women are biologically equipped to give birth, in one sense, will always make them helpless," observes Indian writer Ananda Rao. "Men, on the other hand, will continue to interpret their sexual performance, which created this helplessness, as a kind of power or conquest over women. This is the basic law of the jungle. Or at least of the human animal."

Rao once saw a television documentary in which supposedly empathetic male filmmakers interviewed a prostitute who worked at a "semiservile" house of pleasure in Bombay. "You may appear concerned about my so-called plight," the hooker told her interviewers. "But gentlemen like you—and others of equal social stature—would never hesitate to take me to bed once you got offcamera."

"Slavery, in its various forms, has gone on since the beginning of civilization, and the reality of economics and of human nature makes it certain to continue," concludes Rao. "There may be answers to this question, but never any solutions."



"I see your wife . . . she's screaming . . . and I see a large salami. . . . No, it's a giant snake. . . . No, it's a fire hydrant. . . . No, it's . . . it's . . ."



DILDO CONTEST

I'm a college student at a small-town university. Well, one Friday night a few months ago my roommate, Alex, and I met a pair of hot-to-trot coeds at an off-campus bar. Rhonda, the taller of the two, had long reddish hair, big brown eyes and skin the color and texture of pure ivory. Terri, on the other hand, had raven-black hair, blue eyes and a flawless, golden tan. Both girls were dressed in stylish summer silk shorts and tops—and let me tell you, their tits were out of this world.

We chatted awhile and then invited the two back to our place for a few drinks. Much to our surprise, they agreed. At the apartment I cranked up the stereo while Alex poured a round of stiff drinks, and soon the girls were totally at ease with us. When they decided to dance, small talk was quickly replaced by the sexy display of shimmering female bodies, and my roomie and I wanted nothing but to fuck those chicks.

Alex dimmed the lights a bit, and I moved in close behind Rhonda and draped my arms around her, cupping each full breast. She sighed huskily and backed into me, swinging her hips. Looking at her sexy friend, she said, "Hey, Terri, let's give these guys a *real* show."

Rhonda pulled away from me, laughing. Both of them slipped off their tops, setting in motion two sets of magnificent breasts. Raising their arms, they gracefully swayed their hips in time to the music and pressed their hardening nipples against each other. My pants were seven sizes too small and getting tighter by the minute.

As if on signal, Alex and I moved in behind the girls and pulled off their flimsy shorts, and they obediently stepped out of them. When they resumed their sultry dance completely nude, I disappeared into the bedroom and soon returned



BY WARREN JERRIE

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER will pay \$250 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced typed manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

with a large bottle of baby oil.

Terri and Rhonda squealed with pleasure as we showered the oil over their bare shoulders, then rubbed the slippery stuff over their boobs and lithe bodies and down their long legs.

Alex and I circled them at will, probing and fondling their firm, young figures, exploring every succulent part and rubbing oil over everything we touched. I reached in under Terri's legs and parted the delicate lips of her cunt with my fingers. "Ahhh," she groaned.

Then she asked, "Hey, handsome, don't you think I'm the sexiest girl in town?"

Just as I was about to answer, Rhonda—who had Alex's deft fingers inside her—swung around and said, "Wait a minute. I'm just as sexy as you are!"

"You? Why, you're not sexy enough to kiss my ass," Terri replied with a sniff.

Suddenly, Rhonda lunged at her friend, and both of them crashed to the carpeted floor in an oil-glistened tangle of arms,

legs, tits and asses. The two girls rolled about wildly, struggling and cursing in a royal cat fight. Fortunately, they were evenly matched, thoroughly boozed and so slippery from the oil that neither could gain an advantage.

"Girls, girls!" Alex shouted over their screams. "Fighting's not the way for ladies to solve their disputes. There's a better method. Are you interested?"

When the girls said okay, I went to the kitchen to pour another round while Alex stepped into his bedroom. A few minutes after I came back with the drinks, he returned, holding something wrapped in a steaming towel. He knelt down, placed the towel in the center of the group and slowly unwrapped . . . a huge double-donged dildo.

"Oh, God," Terri gasped. "No way!"

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in CHIC Magazine's photo contest, *Flasher*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

"You chicken?" Rhonda asked with a smile.

Terri gave Rhonda a defiant look and said, "All right. What the hell?"

Holding the giant dildo in front of him and pointing to a line around its midpoint, Alex said, "First, get on your hands and knees. The winner is the one who can get closest to this. Everyone understand?"

The girls nodded their heads and moved into position (back-to-back doggy-style) while I sneaked into my bedroom and grabbed the vibrator my former girlfriend had left behind. When I returned, their luscious ass cheeks were almost nudging one another, and their pendulous breasts were brushing the carpet.

"Now," Alex said to Terri, "adjust your knees up a bit until you can rock back and forth." She did as she was instructed while I turned on the vibrator and gently pressed it against her slippery cunt.

"Oh, oh," Terri moaned, her voice almost drowned out by the humming sex toy. "This is . . . unreal!"

Then, looking over her shoulder, Rhonda pushed her sweet cunt against the vibrator. "Oh, yeah, yeah," she muttered, bucking wildly.

When both girls were moaning and groaning and oozing love juices all over our carpet, we decided it was time to begin the contest. "Okay, Terri, you're first," I said, turning off the vibrator and setting it aside. Then Alex got up and removed the dildo from the still-hot towel and gently slipped one end past the dewy lips of her steamy cunt.

"Oooh . . . m-m-m . . . it feels nice and warm," she moaned.

"Now you, Rhonda . . . come on back, honey . . . just a little. That's it."

"M-m-m . . . ahhh . . . yeah," Rhonda swooned. "Yeah . . . real warm."

As soon as they were connected to the prod, Alex did his best to center it between them. "Okay, girls, you're exactly even; so no sudden movements. I'm gonna let go."

"Hey, guys, we'll take it from here!" Terri assured us, smiling. They started slowly grinding their hips, getting the feel of it. A good 12 inches of the thing was still exposed.

"Ready?" Rhonda asked her friend.

"You bet," Terri panted. "Now!"

Alex and I watched in awe as their lovely pussies seemed to visibly relax. Closing their eyes and gritting their teeth, they gently pushed into each other, and a full six inches of the shaft disappeared. "Ohhh, Terri!" Rhonda gasped. "Ohhh . . . if only it would move around like the real thing. . . ."

"Yeah . . . m-m-m . . . yeah," Terri whined. "And squirt hot stuff in our insides."

Rhonda called back to her. "Okay,

baby . . . let's get the rest of this thing."

Without waiting, she hunched her torso up and fell back on the shaft, which disappeared into her dripping cunt in a moist, squishing stroke. Her body catapulted into convulsive, orgasmic contractions, and the eager lips of her pussy swallowed more and more of the rubber device.

Terri hadn't backed off, but I could see that she was having a lot of trouble accepting the final portion of her half, and Rhonda's crazy movements were transmitting painful shock waves.

"Ouch . . . oh . . . ow!" Terri yelled, her breathing coming in short, painful bursts. "Rhonda . . . I can't do it. It hurts."

Rhonda's orgasm peaked, descended and ceased. She finally acknowledged Terri's cries of despair. "You can do it. Just relax and go soft and cushy inside."

Terri began rotating her hips, carefully at first and then with more confidence. "Oh, oh . . . oh . . . yes!" she wailed, slowly yet firmly pushing back. The cheeks of her perfect ass bounced against Rhonda's tight buns as the dildo vanished. Reaching orgasm, Terri manipulated the tool inside her shuddering body, and her contortions caused the other end to whiplash inside Rhonda's horny cunt, making her come again.

After about ten minutes the girls—completely drenched with sweat and pussy juice—finally quieted down and became still. With the dildo completely impaled in their cunts, there was no way to declare a clear-cut winner.

Still on their hands and knees, the girls pulled forward, and the dildo plopped out of their cunts. Obviously not totally satisfied by 16 inches of rubber, they rolled onto their backs and spread their legs invitingly.

Alex and I tore off our clothes and mounted the two hottest chicks on campus. I sank my stiff cock deep inside the tightest and wettest cunt my aching prick had ever explored. While I furiously pumped away, I looked over and saw Alex and Rhonda going at it with reckless abandon. Before long Alex and I shot our loads, but the girls begged for more. So we traded partners and went into our respective bedrooms, where we sucked and fucked until the sun came up.

* * *

A couple of days later Rhonda and Terri moved in, and it's been tough for us to hit the books at night with those two sexpots around. Now we take turns making it with each of them, sometimes we have full-fledged orgies, and when Alex and I are too pooped to pop, we watch the girls go to it.

Needless to say, we're the envy of every guy in school . . . and probably a lot of HUSTLER readers as well.

Beaver Hunt

America is indeed the land of great opportunity. For example, you've got a chance to bare your beautiful beaver in HUSTLER for the world to see and appreciate. All you have to do is snap a color photo (preferably more than one) and send it off to Beaver Hunt (2029 Cen-

tury Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).

You'll be \$100 richer if we decide to publish your picture. But don't forget to complete the model release on page 100. And please fill it out clearly so that we'll know where to send the money. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Photo by Lover



Photo by Larry

Clean-shaven Jessica from New York City wants to suck another woman's tits while having an orgasm. Ice-skating and mountain climbing are this 26-year-old secretary's other means of finding pleasure.

A submissive blonde from Inkster, Michigan, Peggy wants to be tied up with chains and teased until she comes. The 22-year-old nurse's aide also gets off by riding horses and racing cars.

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Men & Women
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Holly, 26,
is a Farmington, New
Mexico, salesclerk who's into sewing
and scuba diving. She fantasizes
about making love to her husband in
the mountains.

Photo by Friend



Photo by Husband

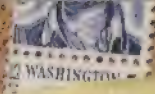
Susan is a 25-year-old salesclerk from
Fort Campbell, Kentucky, who enjoys
swimming and horseback riding. "I'd love to have
sex in the wilderness for days," she says.



Photo by Husband

B.B., 31, from Middleton, Ohio, stays young
by swimming. She fantasizes
about fucking two guys at
once, which we hope is okay
with hubby!

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NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Delectable Michelle, 20, hails from Massachusetts. She likes drawing, reading and cooking and, although all her sexual fantasies are presently fulfilled, she assures us, "I'm looking for more."



Photo by Boyfriend

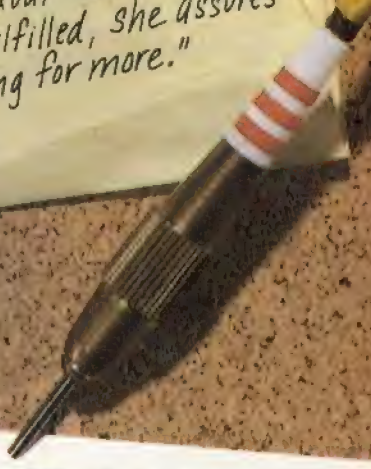


Photo by Friend



Photo by Mike

Dee's fantasy is simple enough: "I'd like to take it in the ass from the entire Washington Redskins football team on the 30-yard line." This 23-year-old waitress from Bethesda, Maryland, is into sex, drugs, rock'n'roll and football.

Sassy, 25, is a Michigan party girl who also loves bicycling and hunting. She dreams of swimming to a deserted island only to find a group of good-looking men who haven't seen a woman in quite a while.

LOT NO. 10753
10121 Galaxy Way
Operated by KinPark





Photo by Boyfriend



"I want to be tied down, eaten out and fucked like crazy," says Trixie, 19, a Midwest college student who also enjoys swimming and aerobic dancing.

Photo by Michael



Cocktail waitress and model Michelle, 27, hails from Sacramento, California, and wants to make love onstage. Not only does this enchanting brunette practice bartending, but witchcraft as well!



Photo by Lenny

Hazlet, New Jersey's Rose, 28, wants to make love to TV detective Matt Houston. This tattooed factory worker gets her kicks by horseback riding, waterskiing and screwing.

HELLO
my name is

Portland, Oregon's Kandy, a 20-year-old dancer, fantasizes about being left all alone on a deserted island with three horny studs. Her hobbies include cutting hair and doing makeup.

Photo by Friend

One for the Ladies



Tom, a 20-year-old college student from Rialto, California, wants to be "sexually molested by half a dozen fine young ladies at the same time."

ARE YOU WOMAN ENOUGH FOR BEAVER HUNT #6?

Our eager Beaver Hunt Editor, whose sole job is to scrutinize every last one of the sexy Polaroids we receive each month, is determined to make our annual collection of Beavers the hottest ever. He's issuing a special call for new female applicants between the ages of 18 and 75—and maybe even a stray pet or two. Send him a couple of color photos, and use the model release on page 100. If he likes what he sees, he'll send you a check for \$100. Help keep this guy busy; it's all he has to do in life.



Photo by Steve



Photo by James

Tennis, horses and motorcycles are beautiful Rhonda's favorite pastimes. A full-time mother, the 25-year-old "would like to make out in the woods near a waterfall."

HUSTLER®

This article was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

SLAVE AUCTION

(continued from page 39)

gain James's trust. He began to open up, but there were still several rooms that were off limits. One day James said that the girl I had seen on my first visit had asked if she could be my slave. Her name was Toni, and she was worth at least \$50,000 in a sale, but he would give her to me along with her ownership papers. I asked how a price could be put on a human being.

James explained that there were places in this country where human slaves are actually auctioned on the block. He said that auctions were held every other year in L.A. and San Francisco and that I was in luck, as one was scheduled at the Chateau within the week. But the more questions I asked, the more he backed off.

Toni, however, was now mine. I was given a "servitude contract," which she was required to sign. The document (laden with misspellings and the like) read in part: *I shall obey the Grandmaster, masters including my own should I have same, free persons, respect all rules including those that are specifically drawn for me, and all commands and directives issued to me by any of person of authority or free status. I affirm my contract to the Order of Roissy by my signature hereto and fully understand the basic principal of the Order is that owned slaves are the same as any other animal which is owned. The act of signing my contract is my last act as anything other than an owned animal. My return to a status other than animal must be judged and approved by the authorities of the Order of Roissy.*

To celebrate, I purchased Toni a new gray-leather collar and leash, and took her out for dinner. The maitre d' didn't bat an eyelash. Toni told me she had taught school but was having psychological problems. A friend recommended a psychiatrist, who told her that she was a born submissive and that she should release these innermost feelings. Then the doctor recommended James and the Chateau for therapy.

She'd been there ever since. According to Toni, a lot of the slaves were seeing the same psychiatrist, and James paid the bills. Slaves were kept in the Chateau and held for sale to masters from all over the world. The slaves were selected by James and some other masters, picked up at bus stations, Hollywood Boulevard and transient houses, and provided clothing, food, shelter and entertainment. But they were screened to make sure they had no family or friends before they were sold.

The next evening was auction night at the Chateau. I recognized several movie personalities and a professional athlete among the buyers. The slaves—shackled,

collared and chained—were brought into the center of the lounge.

Sir James read the rules of the auction. The girls were then led off to various rooms. They were tied to chairs, stretched on the rack, suspended from the ceilings by chains and ropes. The buyers cruised the merchandise and then stayed with their choices. James visited each room, demonstrating the slaves' capabilities and pain thresholds.

One girl stretched on a cross was turned head down, and nipple clamps were applied to her breasts and labia. Tears flowed as she tried not to scream. The clamps were tightened one notch at a time as the onlookers watched in rapt attention. Then a scream pierced the silence as her limit was reached. The clamps were removed, and the bidding began with silent gestures—a nodding of the head. Since I wasn't a buyer, I was asked to leave the room.

I wandered through the house and saw other forms of torture. One of the girls had been out-of-line and had been struck in the face by a buyer.


A tight-fitting leather hood that laced up the back and contained a mouth plug was used on most of the male slaves. The penis and testicles were then subjected to a heavy beating with a cat-o'-nine-tails by a mistress. In addition, penises were tied with ropes and the ropes drawn tightly

over the shoulders and down the back, and as many as 20 clothespins were clamped to the shaft.

A girl was brought to one room and made to stand nude in front of the buyers. She had two gold rings in her nipples. James then placed her on the rack and spread her thighs. Two gold rings, one piercing each labia, were then joined.

James now was conducting business in the hall. I could hear the mention of Swiss francs and the conversion factor. He nodded his head as he took a briefcase from one man. A girl of about 18 or 19 who had obviously been drugged was then led out of the room with handcuffs and black hood down to a waiting limo. The windows of the Chateau were lined with lead foil to prevent the use of bugging equipment, but I pulled back the foil and observed the waiting car.

After everyone had left, James explained that most of the sales were made the following day by telephone. He'd been drinking, and his tongue was loose. He spoke of an orphanage in Mexico where children were groomed for slavery and shipped worldwide.

A couple of days later I phoned James, but Toni answered and warned me. A recent story I had published containing my photograph and name had been seen by James. She said my life was in danger. I never went back. 

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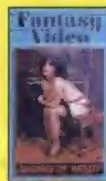
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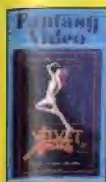
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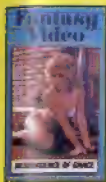
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TROUBLE DOWN BELOW

LATIN LOVER MARIA TORTUGA gets it ON with blond CONNIE PETERSON and dudes delighting in ORAL SEX, 69, STAFF MEETINGS and young love at its heat.

F-22



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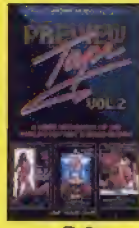
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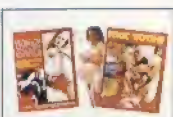
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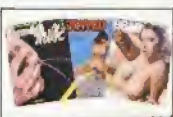
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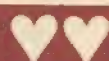
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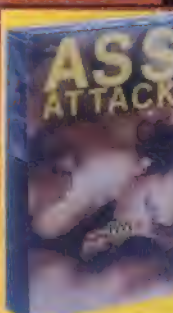
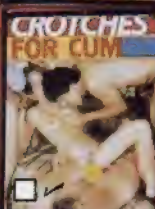
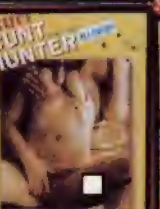
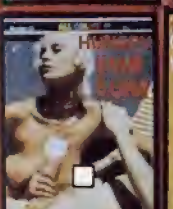
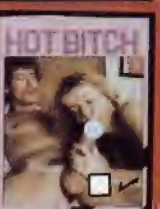
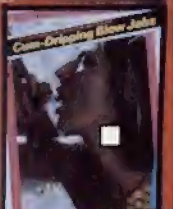
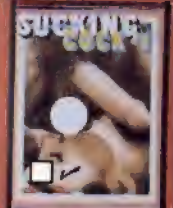
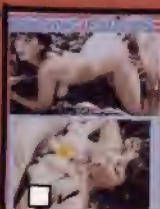
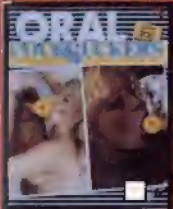
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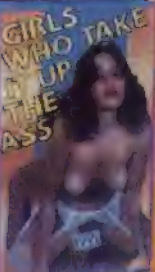
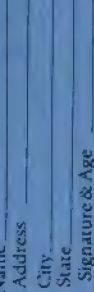
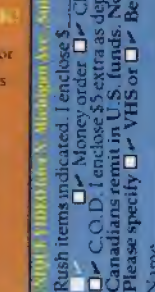
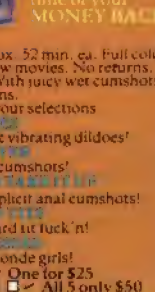
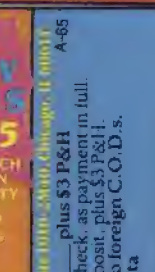
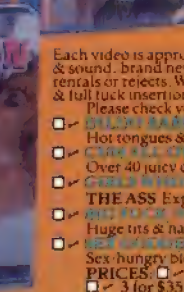
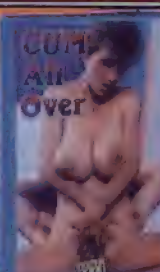
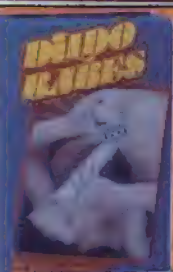
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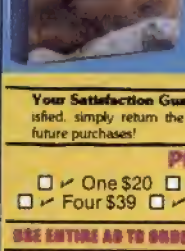
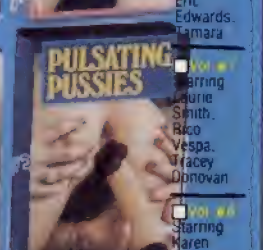
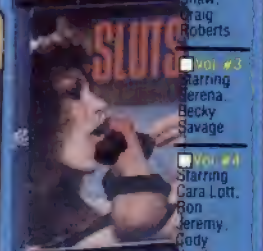
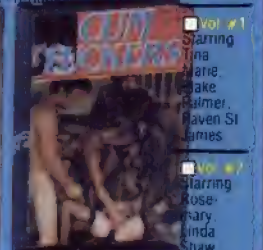
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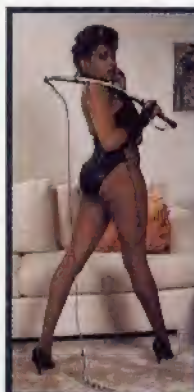
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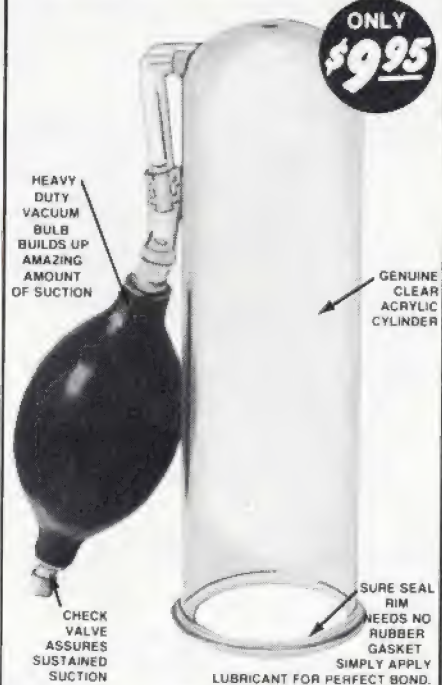
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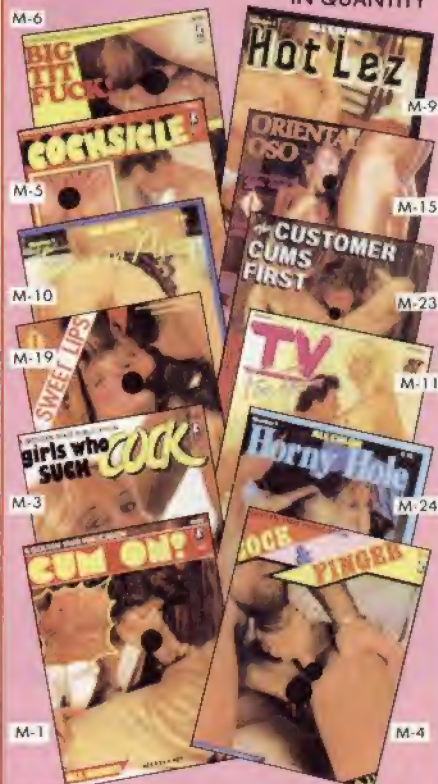
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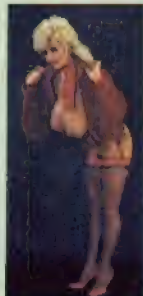


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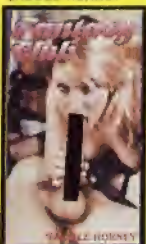
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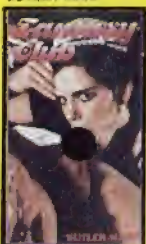
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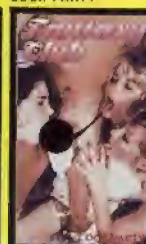
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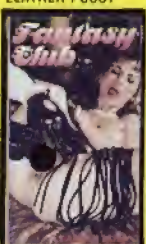
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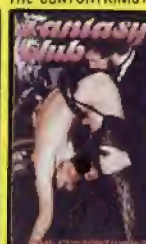
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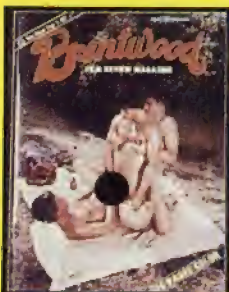
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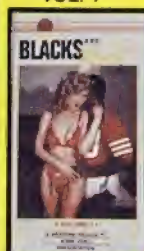
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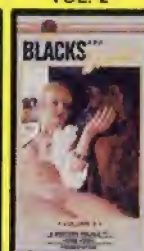
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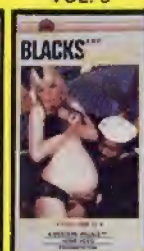
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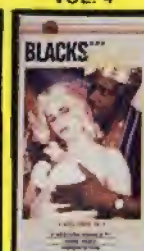
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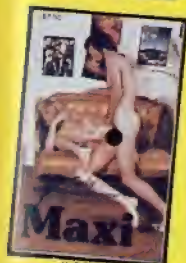
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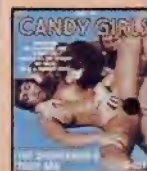
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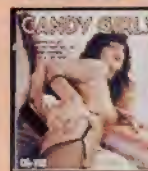
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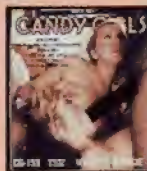
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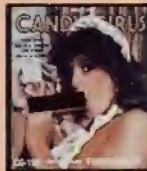
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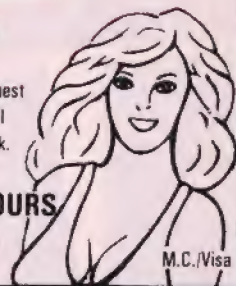
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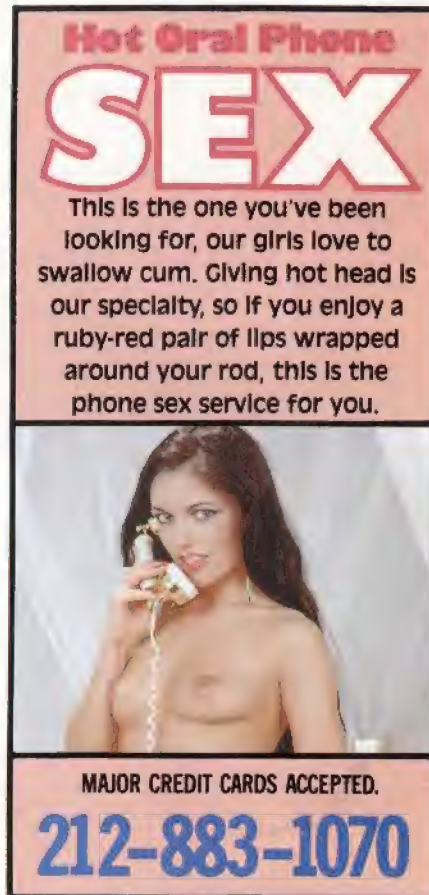
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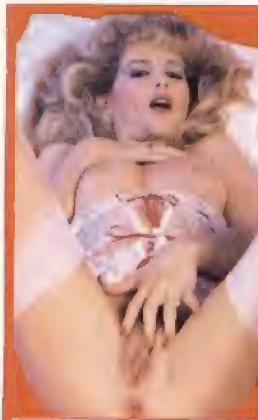
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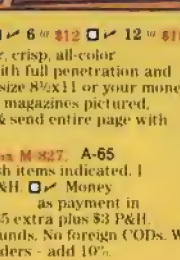
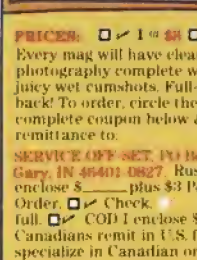
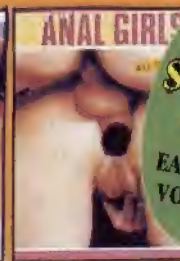
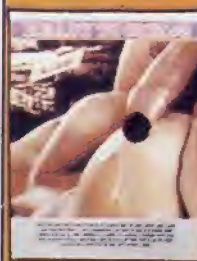
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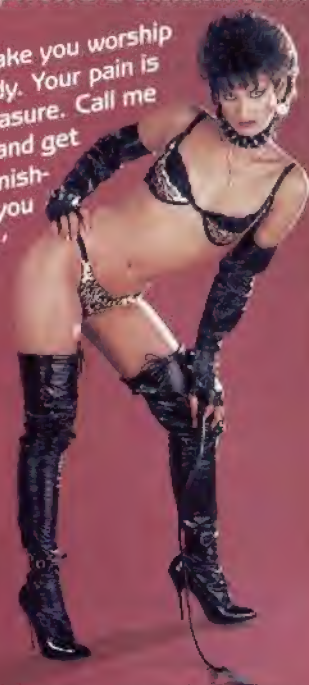
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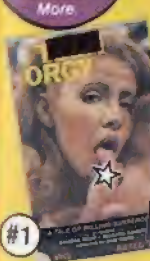
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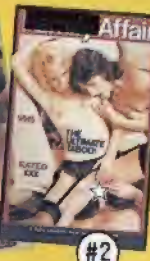
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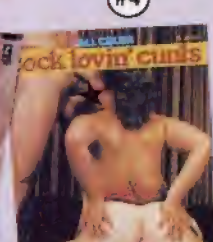
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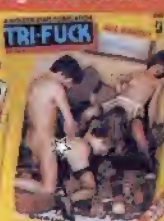
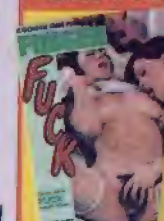
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PAUL McCARTNEY

(continued from page 58)

of consideration. Paul and Linda would go up to Liverpool to stay with them, but Linda would act like she owned the house. Paul had bought it, it was true. But Linda would throw the windows open when his dad was suffering from arthritis, sitting huddled up in a blanket near the fire to keep warm.

When we were touring Britain, we used to stop off at petrol stations for fuel. Linda and Heather used to steal a few sweets. I suppose the danger turned her on. She was getting something for nothing. She was stopped once for shoplifting in New York. It must have been the thrill.

The basis of her power with Paul comes from the fact that Paul's mother died when he was 14, and he has a mother complex. He enjoys Big Mama Linda running the show.

Paul's the music, and Linda and her family do the rest. The Eastmans invest Paul's money; so there is more and more of it. Linda has never had an idea of her own.

Denny used to say to me, "First I hear something from Paul. Then I hear the same thing from Linda two or three days later." We could always tell which of them had sent the cards from trips abroad or Christmas presents when that came

round. Linda would address them to Denny Laine. Paul sent them to Denny Laine and family.

Those little things are so infuriating. One year Denny and I got pots of home-made jam for Christmas—the same as all the people who worked in the McCartney office. Our two children have yet to receive a present from them.

When Denny and I got married, Linda bought us a pair of sheets. I wondered how she managed it. One year she gave Denny a terry-cloth dressing gown for his birthday.

Then another year a Steinway grand piano arrived from Paul. Denny was thrilled to death. We loved it, but I knew he was trying to get around Denny. And it worked.

When we were doing "Wings Over America"—I had gone along on that occasion—I invited all my family to come to the show in Boston. About 70 of them turned up. They were all so excited at the thought of meeting Paul and Linda.

Guess what those bastards did? They refused to come out of their dressing rooms. Only my father got to meet them because he shoved his way into their quarters. They vanished out the back door. Of course, we were often expected to go up to Liverpool with them to see Paul's relations. We were even summoned to the family parties at New Year.

After a few little strokes like this it was hardly surprising that relations between myself and Linda deteriorated.

The trailer we used was another source of conflict. After a few years Linda decided it spoiled the view on the farm, and Denny had to go all the way from London to Scotland to move it. They drove past him and made no offer to help.

By this time we'd bought our lovely house at Pooh Corner in Laleham, near Shepperton Studios. I was much happier there with Heidi and Laine than on the farm in Scotland. So I stayed down in the south a lot of the time and let Denny go up to Scotland alone to rehearse. One time Denny begged and pleaded with me to come up for a few weeks.

I'd been there three days and spent a pleasant evening fooling around in the music room with Paul and Denny. The following morning Aleister Crowley, their business manager, delivered a message asking Sharon Harley, the drummer's wife, and myself to remove ourselves from the farm.

He said there was going to be some filming, and Paul and Linda wanted us all out of the way. Linda was frightened that I might get myself into the film, but she was wrong. I had no desire to do so. Normally, we'd all clear off to the beach.

This time it was made quite clear that the beach was not far enough. And I'd only come at Denny's special request. The insult was just too much. I left, telling Denny he had made his choice. I also told him it would be a long time before he saw me again. When I got back to Shepperton, I packed all our bags and left for the States with Heidi and Laine.

I just couldn't bear watching the way the McCartneys were manipulating Denny. He was writing some brilliant songs. They needed him . . . but not me. They were quite ruthless. I was a threat because I kept saying, "Get your deal with Paul down on paper."

Four months later we decided to get married.

* * *

My husband, Denny Laine, left Wings and Paul McCartney over two simple issues: money and status. Paul and Denny had made several hit records together, but Denny was getting little credit for the songs he wrote and far from sufficient money. So he walked out in the middle of recording the *Tug of War* album. He had already written half the song "Ebony and Ivory," which later became a hit. Suddenly, one day he'd just had enough.

At the time he said to the press, "I am leaving because Paul does not want to tour now that John Lennon has been assassinated." But I know that was far from the truth.

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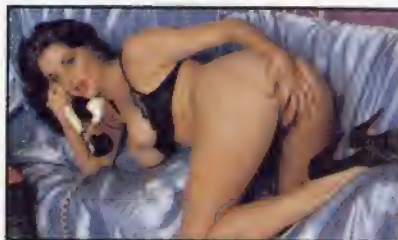
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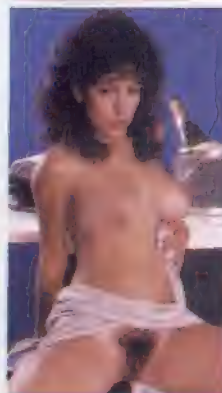
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Paul McCartney, he got paid 70 pounds a week. He had been a guitarist with the Moody Blues before. But that was all he earned for five years. When we were first together, we couldn't afford anywhere decent to live at all. We seemed to spend our lives in a series of trailers.

Then Denny and Paul wrote the hit single "Mull of Kintyre." Denny wrote most of it, he told me. It lasted for 16 weeks at No. 1. He also wrote "Little Lamb," "Dragonfly," "Children Children," "Weep for Love" and many others.

Paul promised Denny 2% of the gross. He never got it. Paul always refused to write anything down on paper. He would say to Denny, "Trust me, man." Denny did get some large sums of money, but always much less than had been promised.

Denny went on believing Paul, and look where it got him. He has had to leave the country because he owes the tax man so much money. He is living in Spain. Paul promised to pay his taxes. But when the tax man started calling, Paul didn't want to know.

Every time there was a discussion about money, Paul would say, "I don't know anything about business. Talk to Lee Eastman." Then Eastman, Linda's father, would play ducks and drakes with Denny for days until Denny finally gave up exhausted.

Our house at Laleham came with a large mortgage. The press has always called Denny a millionaire. What a joke. All we have is millions of bills. When Denny and I got divorced a couple of years ago, there was no money left at all. The mortgage hadn't been paid for eight months, and I had to sell the house.

Nor is there any money coming in. Paul insisted on keeping all the publishing rights, and he got Denny to sign everything else away.

I just know Denny was well and truly ripped off. It made him so sick in the end, and it broke up our marriage. I had been telling Denny he was getting a raw deal from the McCartneys. Other musicians kept telling him that Paul was treating him badly. But it took a long time for him to realize we were right.

The other musicians who played in Wings with Paul fared no better, though they had the sense to leave before they got badly abused. Jimmy McCulloch from Stone the Crows was brought into Wings by Denny. He was with the band a couple of years, and he lived with a girlfriend of mine. She had to leave him in the end because he was drinking so much due to the way Paul and Linda treated him.

He said to me one day, "It's like being back at school here. You just have to do what you are told." Jimmy had a row with Paul about Linda, who was still learning

to play, and he quit. The whole business made him very depressed. Not long after, he was found dead in his flat in Maida Vale from morphine poisoning.

Being associated with Wings in any shape or form was a prescription for disaster. Marriages broke up. People had nervous breakdowns. The McCartneys went on oblivious.

Two days before they were due to fly out to Lagos, Nigeria, Denny Seiwell told Linda he couldn't go with them. Linda told him, "How dare you do this to me?"

I was in the room when Denny said, "Well, look, man—I just can't work this way any longer, and that's it!"

He told me, "I am stifled as a musician." He could sense it was a total waste of time being with Wings—if he intended to make money out of it.

The next to go was Henry McCullough, lead guitarist. He'd had enough of babying Linda as she learned to play the keyboards. He said being in Scotland all the time was wrecking his marriage. He left and plays with Kokomo now.

Joe English was a replacement drummer. After being with Paul McCartney and Wings for a while, he said he had to go back to Georgia to see his mother. He never came back, and the last I heard of him, he had become a born-again Christian, hot-gospelizing in his suit.

It was Denny who helped Paul with all the musicians. Paul and Linda lead such a rarified existence these days, they would never meet musicians who were out of a group. Moreover, Paul was always cagey about asking someone to join the band.

Steve Harley was next. He was from around Laleham. Denny knew him when he'd been the drummer with Kiki Dee and Elton John. He left Elton to join Wings: fool!

Lawrence Jublet was playing lead guitar, and Steve was playing drums. They made Lawrence feel awkward—Paul was feeling too paranoid and insecure to put him in the band publicly; so he left, but not before he and his wife got divorced.

Steve Harley's first taste of how ruthless the McCartneys could be came after he had just bought an expensive house. That was when he discovered he wasn't getting paid for the Japanese tour. And Steve had given up a gig with Elton John. He was as sick as a parrot. Steve played for the tour of Britain, then quit. He didn't leave early enough to save his marriage. He and his wife are now separated.

Over the years, I spoke to them all. Without a single exception they left because the McCartneys treated them as subhuman, not worthy of consideration. Nor did any of them get any worthwhile sums of money from Paul even though they wrote songs and contributed musi-

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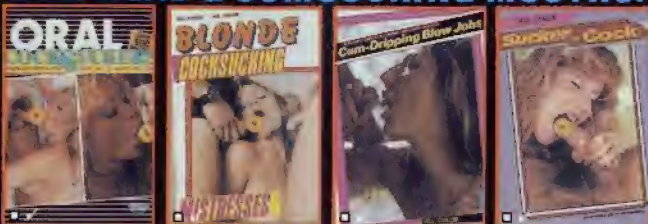
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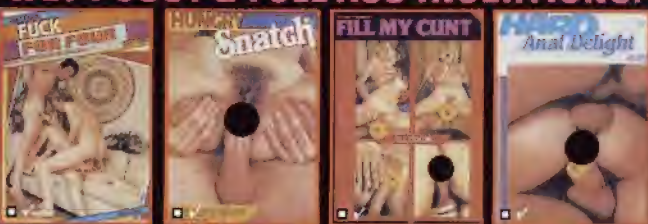
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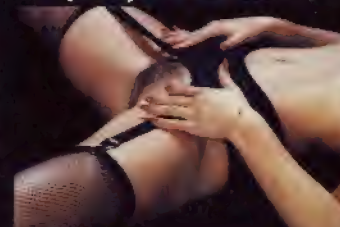
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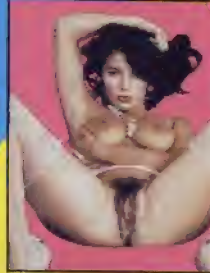


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cally to Wings' success.

Paul was very cunning with Denny. Subtly he used to put him down. He'd say, "If you leave, man, you'll be nothing. You can't write a line of music on your own. You need my name." And Denny believed him. Of course, after the success of "Mull of Kintyre," Paul indulged him. If they were touring, it was the best hotels, big limousines, the best champagne. It's like a drug habit. The more you get, the more you need. Denny was addicted to fame and high living.

Linda, of course, always encouraged Denny to go off with other girls when I wasn't on the scene. She didn't want to know about our "love" deal. When I was 7½ months' pregnant with our daughter, Heidi, off they went to Nashville.

I was too pregnant to go. The rest of the band couldn't afford to take their wives. When they got back, I saw photographs of Denny and the others with some groupies. Normally I wouldn't have been bothered. But I suddenly found I had an infection. I went berserk. Linda thought the photographs were funny.

Geoff Brittain was the drummer at Nashville. He had a heavy affair while he was away. And that was the end of his marriage too.

The Eastmans pulled their worst stroke when my father was dying in Boston. I'd gone home to be with him. It all dragged on much longer than anyone could have expected. I ran out of money. Now, whenever we'd previously been in the States and needed money, we called the

Eastman office in New York. The money would be telexed anywhere in America within four hours. This particular time Denny was in the recording studio in London with Paul and Linda.

He said before I left for Boston, "If you need money, just ring Lee Eastman." Can you believe it? The office said no. I asked to speak to Lee. He refused to come to the phone. I was only asking for a thousand dollars. I had to draw money on my American Express card. I was furious. I sat down and wrote him a letter telling him what I thought of the McCartneys and the Eastmans. Linda then told Denny she never wanted to see me again. The feeling was mutual.

My father's death affected me profoundly. I seemed to see everything in a depressing light. We were so close, it tipped the balance of my mind right over, and accidentally I drank too much while taking Valium. I collapsed and was taken to a hospital. I was in a coma for three or four days.

Denny was with me when I got home from the hospital and helped to bring me back to the reality of the children and my own life. I was just beginning to get better when a call came from Paul. Denny said, "We're all going to Monserrat in the West Indies. Apparently they pay less tax if they record on a boat." I cheered right up at the thought of a holiday in the Caribbean. My hopes were dashed to smithereens within a week. The gracious Linda decided they might get bad press if I was there—just out of the hospital from an OD.

So at the time when I needed Denny the most, they decided not to take me. Yet the houses in Monserrat that musicians stay in are pretty secluded. I need never have seen Paul or Linda. The reason for Linda's total hostility was because I had released a record of my own the year previous. She became totally antagonistic after that.

I wasn't the only one to get Linda's hostility. Angie, the lady Paul's father married, caught plenty of it too. She came up to me after a gig at Fulham once to say how awful Linda had been since the old man died. Paul had given his father a little house in the country with rocks in the driveway and diamond-shaped leaded windows. I don't know what happened about the house, but I know Paul somehow got it back.

Angie told me Linda was always trying to manipulate her too. She was quite bitter. She said, "One fine day something terrible will happen to Linda to pay her back for all the trouble she's caused other people."

But the McCartneys survived Denny's quitting. With their money they can always pay out a million to make sure their records sell. 🐸

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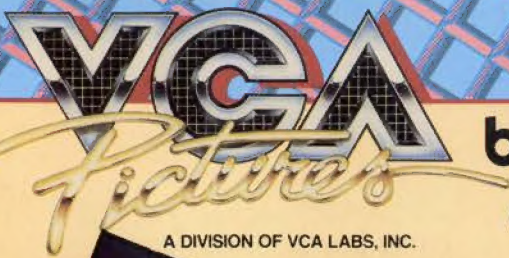
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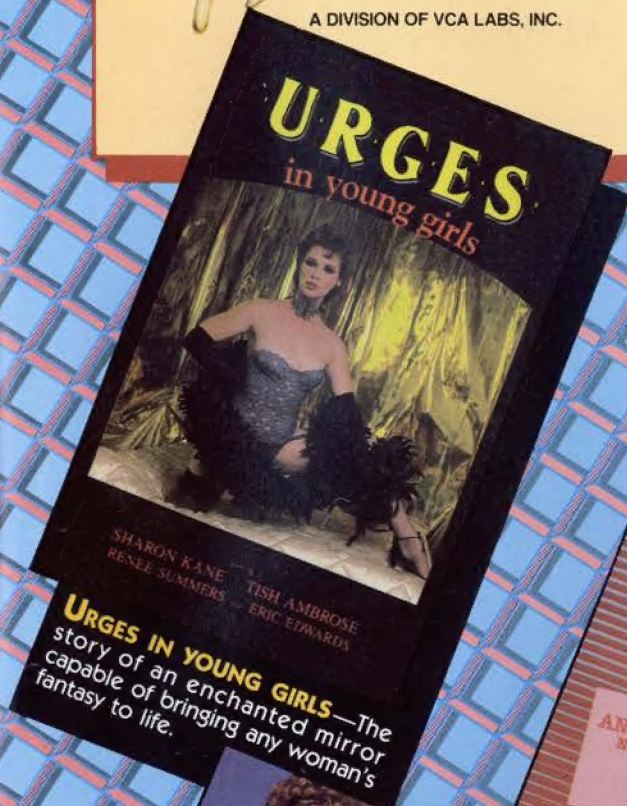
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